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between Canada and the United States, the Canadian Government is adopting a policy not hopeful for the success of his diplomacy. It is proposed—very wisely—to rescind the right of American vessels to participate in the Canadian coastal trade—a right which means much to American trade.

Sir Edouard Girouard, temporarily appointed to succeed Sir Frederick Lugard in Nigeria, is a Canadian whose imperial service has been rendered chiefly in Africa. He has a genius for organisation which found its first great opportunity when Lord Kitchener was reconquering the Sudan. He constructed the railway to Khartoum with a rapidity which won general admiration, whilst it proved of the utmost value to the Commander-in-Chief. In the Boer war also the railway system was placed in his charge. If he can run a colony as he can run a railway, there can be no question as to the success which awaits him in Nigeria. The pioneer work has been excellently done. Sir Edouard Girouard's business will be the organisation of the colony's well-known resources.

Sir Richard Solomon's resignation as Attorney-General of the Transvaal is generally regarded as the preliminary to his participation in the election campaign in the interests of the Nationalists. In other words he will definitely throw in his lot with Het Volk, a step which is none the less important because it was anticipated from the first. The best thing that could happen from the British point of view would be his defeat in the elections by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. His supremacy in the Chamber would be from the British point of view as undesirable as that of Mr. Smuts or General Botha.

In Morocco events show from day to day how necessary is the intervention of a strong hand. Yet France and Spain are talking of sending away their gunboats, and Raisuli is a refugee. Already the people are discovering that the Sherrefian forces are as bad a scourge as Raisuli. The Sultan either cannot or will not restrain their raiding instincts, and there is a suggestion that he proposes to pardon Raisuli on condition that he lives in some place where he will not menace the Sultan's authority.

New Year's Day in Russia was marked by a Rescript of the Tsar addressed to M. Stolypin, which is a remarkable confirmation of what we pointed out last week, that the power of the "reactionaries" has been exaggerated for party purposes. The Tsar thus publicly and decisively declares his entire confidence in M. Stolypin, and once more affirms his determination to go on in the path of constitutional reform. There are many signs that the impossible attitude of the last Douma will not be adopted in the one for which the elections are now being held. The closer association of the moderate parties, brought about by revolutionary excesses, may lead to the co-operation of the Douma in the practical legislation and reforms of M. Stolypin's Ministry. It is not to be expected that M. Stolypin will meet with no opposition. What he and other rational well-wishers of Russia hope is that in the new Douma everything will not be sacrificed to the attempt to govern Russia by Ministries which are the creatures of party majorities. When we see the political contest in Germany still turning on this question, the absurdity of its being raised in Russia is self-evident.

Amongst the most surprising of Russian events is the revenue returns for the past year, which have exceeded the most favourable expectations. For the year 1907 there is even more ground for hope, and it is noticeable that all parties agree in accepting the revenue returns and anticipations as incontrovertible and as probably making it unnecessary for the Douma to consider a new loan of £24,000,000 which had been talked of. It is said indeed that the estimates have been habitually understated; and this is one of the points which is raised when the Opposition claims to exercise greater control over the estimates; but for this year it is probable that no radical changes will be attempted in the Budget.

The famine in many parts of Russia is by far the most serious difficulty at present. More strenuous efforts to meet it will have to be made, and this will of course involve a heavy strain on the finances. European aid is to be sought, but a too unfavourable inference may be drawn from this fact. It is not unusual in presence of some extraordinary natural calamity for outside help to be invoked and accepted. Outside help has been afforded India, Japan, and China in case of famines; and the earthquakes in San Francisco and Jamaica are other cases in point.

In a week to-day something more will be known of Prince Bülow's leap in the dark, as it seems to many, for the elections are to take place next Friday. So far as can be gathered the probabilities are that the Centre and the Social Democrats will be returned in much the same strength they had in the last Reichstag; though it seems likely that the Polish party, a very troublesome element in German politics, may win several seats. If they do, however, these seats are practically Centre while the Centre is in Opposition, as they are both Catholic parties. The bloc of Conservatives and Liberals has hardly realised itself. In Pomerania, for example, five Liberals are contesting seats against Conservatives. Nothing has yet explained what has led to the detachment of the Conservatives from the Centre, with whom they are much more in sympathy than with even the National Liberals. State elections in Württemberg are reckoned by the Opposition as indicative of the results of the Reichstag elections, where the Centre, the Social Democrats, and the Radicals have all been strengthened by the losses of the Conservatives and the National Liberals.

While the Centre leaders are speaking of "fantastic plans of Weltpolitik" and declining to support colonial expansion without the guarantee of moderate constitutionalism, the Colonial Director Herr Dernburg and Prince Bülow are eagerly aiming at rallying business men like Herr Dernburg himself and the Intellectuals to their side. Herr Dernburg especially has been making speeches on the prospects of German colonies, their value to German trade, and their importance in strengthening Germanism against influences adverse to it outside Germany, which has reminded observers in Germany of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches on the British colonies. Herr Dernburg strove to stimulate zeal in the colonies by referring to the enterprises of the United States and Japan and the absorption of German nationals by the expansion of the English-speaking peoples. His appeals seem less likely to be relished by commercial men than by the Intellectuals, who are, however, quite the most unpractical of all Germans.

The Pope in the Epiphany Encyclical treats on the religious position in France. It is partly an answer to some of the contentions of the French Government, partly an exhortation to Catholics in France, which is tantamount to saying to French Christians, stand firm in the very severe trial through which they are passing. It is a fine vindication of the Vatican's attitude to the present French Ministry, expressed in terms so dignified and even touching that violent and ribald secularist papers in Paris were shamed into receiving it with a certain courtesy. Only the English "Daily News", so far as we have seen, has indulged in offensive comment.

The Pope has found an unexpected champion in M. Combes, a championship in no way impaired by the hostile motives behind it. In an Austrian paper M. Combes has been demonstrating that it was impossible for the Vatican, impossible without a flagrant sacrifice of principle, to accept the Government terms or make any compromise under the Separation Act. M. Combes insists—rightly—that there can be no common ground between contradictions. There can be no common ground between Christianity and anti-Christianity. M. Combes can read a lesson in honesty to "loyal" Catholics of the type of the Paris correspondents of certain British papers. The French bishops are now met in con-

ference—for the third time. We do not hear so much about splits and schisms from friends of the Government as we did at the time of the two former conferences.

The promoters of the Channel Tunnel are clearly planning to convert the public to their scheme through literature. They have set up a "Literary Secretary", and we may give a specimen of his style: "Under the provisions of Standing Orders, it is necessary for the promoters to communicate with the owners, lessees, and occupiers of lands or houses proposed to be taken or used compulsorily and require them to state whether they assent to, dissent from, or are neuter, in reference to the Bill". One sees what is meant, but it is hardly literature. The Channel Tunnel promoters are anxious to show that Mr. Haldane's dissent, announced this week, means nothing. Very likely; but we shall be surprised if Mr. Haldane has the effrontery to "assent to, or be neuter, in reference to the Bill" when it comes up in Parliament next session.

The whole weight of authoritative opinion in the service Mr. Haldane represents happens to be dead against the scheme. Among others, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood and Lord Roberts have declared absolutely against it. We doubt if there is a single soldier of real distinction and authority in the British Army who will declare in favour of the Tunnel. However we must all admit that the promoters have lately secured some splendid civilian opinion in their favour. Mr. Keir Hardie declares himself a Channel Tunneler.

Lord Courtney of Liskeard is an encouraging kind of man as chief speaker against the House of Lords at a gathering of eager young Radicals. He played this part on Wednesday. He poured as much ice-cold water on the talk of "doing away with" the House of Lords as the finest old crusted Tory stickler could possibly desire. He told his poor hearers that they must not assume that the House of Lords was "an absolutely unwary" body. This is the second reminder which Liberals have had lately that the House of Lords is not such a fool as they like to imagine. Mr. Healy a little while ago dwelt on the same interesting subject. Lord Courtney went on to remind his friends that, moreover, the taste of the English people just now is not for Revolution. Altogether Lord Courtney and his friends spent a profitable but—from the point of view of the friends—rather a doleful evening.

We wonder that some of the best writers, men of education and thought, on the Liberal side should with enthusiasm endorse the whole of the wordy election address of Mr. Harvey in Derbyshire. He is putting the House of Lords question to the front, and insists that the peers have no "authority" to reject a measure sent to them by the Commons! If the House of Lords has not authority, what in the world can authority be? It would surely be just as wise to say the King has no authority; it would be a good deal wiser to say the Cabinet has none. The least knowledge of the outlines of English history would assure Mr. Harvey and his admirers that the House of Lords is nothing if not authoritative. Has Mr. Harvey never heard of Edward I.? To argue that the authority of the House of Lords is a bad thing and should be ended may be in reason: to speak of the House as if it were a sort of alien unauthorised body inserted by chance or craft into the constitution is babyish.

Mr. Bryce's farewell to Ireland is not impressive. It is difficult, certainly, to find any fault in most of the propositions he laid down in his speech at Newcastle on Tuesday; but that is an attribute of most platitudes. Nearly everything Mr. Bryce said could have been said by anyone else. The world will not learn much from Mr. Bryce's experience in Ireland. Law must be enforced, even if not all we could wish it to be—so Unionists have always said, though Mr. Bryce's party has not always said it. Law must be perfectly impartial. We all knew that before. The administration of Ireland ought to give as little needless provocation as possible. Of course; yet why the assumption that

Irish administration must be needlessly provocative at all? Would it be needless provocation to punish the ruffians who nearly did to death Mr. Townsend, the agent, near Thurles? Mr. Bryce's growl at the House of Lords at Aberdeen on Thursday and his peroration of unctuous optimism was no improvement on Newcastle. On the whole Mr. Bryce will not be missed very much.

Mr. Birrell's appetite for work and worry is to be gratified. He is to succeed Mr. Bryce at the Irish Office. Yet does he go quite as light-hearted as Sir F. C. Gould represents him in the witty and delightful cartoon in the "Westminster Gazette", "S. Augustine goeth to Ireland"? We wonder, because we notice in a leading article in the same paper these curious statements: "His consenting to go to Ireland is, we imagine, what we may call a supreme instance of party discipline. . . . He has said 'Go' to Mr. Birrell, and so it is that Mr. Birrell goeth". We have sometimes thought that Conservative papers overdo the notion that the Prime Minister is dictated to by anybody and everybody; but here he is presented as a ruler with indeed a rod of iron. What a bad time the coerced Mr. Birrell may expect is hinted at by the "Westminster", which says: "To turn from the murdered Education Bill of 1906 in order to administer the Act of 1902 may be a frying-pan; to go to Ireland may well prove to be a jump into the fire". It reads as if poor Mr. Birrell were going to have as hot a time as "Old Buckshot" himself. Mr. Thomas Shaw and Mr. Churchill have had a narrow escape.

But there is more than might appear at first sight in Mr. Birrell's removal from the Education Office. It is not merely a promotion. His fitness for the parliamentary business the Irish Secretary will have to conduct next session had, of course, much to do with the move. Mr. Birrell's House of Commons reputation stands high, and his good temper and apparent simplicity will help him to parry criticism even more trying than that he had to meet in the education debates. At the same time to satisfy the Irish members that he is giving them Home Rule, and the English members that he is not, will be no easy business. Only the War Office could be more dangerous to a political career. But if the Government had any idea of making further large attempts in education, they would not have moved Mr. Birrell. It is now clear that no more education bills, of any importance, will be introduced by this Government. Thus far then, at any rate, we can welcome Mr. Birrell to Ireland, rather welcome him away from the Board of Education. May be his place in the Commons, as representing the Education Office, will be taken by someone more truculent; but his truculence will have to be confined to administration.

On Friday the inquiry before the Sheriff into the Arbroath railway disaster was concluded. All possible questions as to the responsibility for the accident of driver or signalman or others were left to the jury. Their finding was that driver Gourlay was at fault for not observing the instructions he received at Arbroath in approaching Elliot; that the station master at Elliot should have had fog-signals out; and that there was a want of proper supervision in carrying out rules. The company was also recommended to consider the provision of speed indicators and underground wires between stations. It will be seen that the charge of intoxication against Gourlay was not sustained. It is scarcely likely that these findings will be a ground for any criminal charge.

The death of Dr. Haig-Brown, Master of the Charterhouse, removes a figure familiar to those concerned with education as a profession, but never a name with the public. Dr. Haig-Brown carried Charterhouse School through the crisis of migration to the country, and was no doubt the better and more useful master that he is associated with no sensational reforms. His appointment was something of a surprise at the time—now many years ago—since Pembroke, Cambridge, was then a modest, if not even obscure college, with little suggestion of the prominent

position it has since attained. It is certain Dr. Haig-Brown will always be remembered. His humorous and caustic sayings will assure his legendary fame.

We feel it as a distinct personal injury to ourselves that Mr. Asquith chose Friday for the day of his Glasgow Rectorial address. Usually we chuckle when public men orate on Friday evening, for it makes it impossible for us to notice what they say, yet no one can charge us with discourtesy for not noticing it. Had Mr. Haldane, for instance, given his Edinburgh address on Friday, we should have felt that he had shown great consideration for the weekly reviews. But Mr. Asquith had something to say, and said it very finely. Something too which peculiarly appeals to the SATURDAY REVIEW—the tribute of a distinguished man of affairs to the study of the past and to abstract—unpractical—thought. We should have liked to go over this ground with Mr. Asquith carefully in an article, but the authorised text of his address was not published till too late in the week; so that we have been done both ways. It is especially unfortunate as for now some long time we have missed these higher things from Mr. Asquith.

But this address makes up for much. If only every "practical man" could be made to digest it. Here is a man of affairs, a party politician, essentially a modern, telling us as his experience of life that the man who studies the literature of the Ancients "as a student should, possesses resources which, if he is wise, he would not barter for a king's ransom". Here is a Liberal, a Radical, a democrat discovering the Golden Age in the reign of Hadrian, in the days of that terrible Roman Empire. His Liberal conscience required Mr. Asquith to say that "of political freedom not a vestige remained" in Rome at that time. None the less "it is certainly one of the times, if a man could select, say, half a dozen since the days of the Flood, in which he would be tempted to wish he could have lived". It is all very well to wind this up with the warning that Rome was at this very time "pallida morte futura"; that is only to say with Lucian, as Mr. Asquith himself quotes, "Death is the lot of States just as it is of men". That a man of sixty is not as young as he was at thirty is no sign that he is following a wrong régime of health.

What with a German gentleman setting us right about Shakespeare and an American reforming the spelling of our language, we have had a good deal of cheap schooling of late. As if this were not enough the report has got abroad that Mr. Sidney Lee himself has declared that the American people know and write the English language better than the English people. No one ever supposed that Englishmen wrote or spoke their own language well, but the suggestion that the average Englishman speaks English worse than the average American is a bit too stiff. Mr. Lee has now explained that he only meant that "the American masses who have only enjoyed what we should call 'a school-board education' are in a position to practise in adult life the arts of reading and writing English—two of the three R's—more correctly and with greater facility than the similar class at home". After reading this we sadly must admit that English people, even some of the distinguished ones, are "not in a position in adult life" to write beautifully.

General Baden-Powell, of Mafeking, must look, not to his laurels, but to his ancestry. Recently he presented the State of Virginia with a bust of Captain John Smith, composed by himself, partly it appears because John Smith had always been his model (not in the sculptor's sense) and partly because John Smith was his ancestor, and the College of Arms says so. Hereupon a very distinguished Virginian, a Confederate hero who served under General Lee, comes forward in a letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW to challenge the General's claim. The objection taken certainly goes to the root of the matter—a lawyer might say it was *ab initio*. Captain John Smith, cries this formidable knight, was never married. How can our popular hero be descended from a man who was never married? We invite the attention of General Baden-Powell and the College of Arms to Colonel MacCabe's letter. Can they produce a legitimate answer?

ELECTION PROSPECTS IN GERMANY.

NO one can foretell what will happen in Germany next Friday. The wisest political prophets are all at sixes and sevens. For years the Government has been carried on by the Chancellor with the help of the Centre, the Conservative and the National Liberal parties. The issue is now, at least for the moment, completely changed. The Centre had refused to support the Government in what Prince von Bülow describes as "three demands which were of urgent necessity—the Keetmanhoop Railway, compensation to farmers (both for South-West Africa), and the establishment of a Colonial Office". They have now by their vote of 13 December once more placed the Government in a minority and the old understanding is at an end. These circumstances have therefore dissolved the old compromise between the Government and the Centre. A new "bloc" has been formed consisting of the minority of 13 December, the Conservatives, the National and German Liberals, and these parties are now being arrayed against the Centre party, the Social Democrats, the Poles, the Alsace-Lorrainers and the Welfs.

There is not much happiness on either side. The Conservatives, who wish to preserve high protective duties and to uphold the union between Church and State as well as the existing forms of denominational education, are not at one with their new Liberal friends, whose political sentiments are quite different from their own. They remember the time when they worked together to achieve national unity in the past; but they have never ceased to regret the price they paid for achieving this great object. They have founded the Empire on the democratic basis of universal suffrage and they regard the lowering of the franchise as responsible for the advance of social democracy. They do not wish to return to the low tariffs that prevailed in the early days of the Empire and they dread anything that can weaken the influence of authority or the power of their standing army. They wish furthermore to prevent the secularising of their schools or anything that may impair the position of religion in Germany. They are therefore casting longing eyes to the Centre and wish for some excuse to revive that old understanding under which agriculture was protected and the State safeguarded from its internal enemies. The National Liberals are perhaps happier than they have been for many years. They see some prospect of reacquiring the influence which they exercised on the policy of the Empire in the 'seventies and early 'eighties. They have not much prospect of recovering their old voting power of 151 on this occasion, but they anticipate great things from the goodwill of the Government which they believe will be more consistently exercised in their favour than in the past. The various sections of German Liberalism are somewhat perturbed. They like the idea of standing well with the authorities and are anticipating the concession of some of those favours to which they have long been strangers. In some respects they are on good terms with the Chancellor. It is true that the "people's party" refused to support Count Caprivi in his military policy and that they therefore broke with a section of their group who established the Liberal Union; but they are now at one with the Chancellor in upholding his colonial policy. They do not perhaps approve of all that has been done and condemn the lavish extravagance by which the colonies have been fostered; but it is with them a question of national honour. German treasure has been spent and German blood has been shed in acquiring the colonies and they must therefore be held at all risks and against all comers. So far so good; but there is much that German Liberals do not like in the Chancellor's manifesto and their meetings ring with criticisms of the treatment which Prince von Bülow awards to "pronounced Liberalism". He gives no indication that there is to be a change of policy especially in the matter of protection. We therefore see that in those parts of Germany where Conservatism is supreme there is no solidity in the "bloc". Thus the Cöslin Government district of Pomerania is at present represented by five Conservative members every one of whom has to fight for his seat against a member of the Liberal

Union. It is impossible to forecast the result of this fight with any certainty but external circumstances seem favourable to the attack. True, the small farmers have materially gained by the high price of food and especially of pork and ham; but they have to pay much more for their agricultural implements, feeding-stuffs and manures. No one can tell which way they will go when the day of the poll comes; but the reception given to Liberal speakers has been much more favourable than in the past. If these five seats are won there will be no change in the colonial policy of the Empire; but there will be a great modification in the constitution of the "Bloc", and this modification will be in no way an unmixed blessing. We may congratulate ourselves on the reduction of tariffs; but the German Liberal party have inscribed many dangerous principles upon their banners. It is true that the adoption of some of these will impair the cohesion of Social Democracy and induce several Social Democrats to rejoin the Liberals; but if they do so they will bring some of their pet notions with them when they help to reconstitute the old Liberal party. No one can tell what will happen; but it is as well to face all possible consequences.

The Centre party remains as solid as ever notwithstanding all the forecasts that have been made of a possible split. The Liberal press has talked very glibly of a protest which has been made by some worthy citizens of Biberach against the conduct of their Centre deputy, Herr Erzberger, in the Chamber and argue of the possibility of his losing his seat. This is however perfectly absurd, if the result of the last general election is to be taken as of any value. Then Herr Erzberger polled 16,884 votes out of a total of 24,916, the Socialist got 603, the candidate of the people's party secured 664, whilst the National Liberal collected 488 votes. Herr Erzberger has therefore every reason to look forward to the result with complacency. He is allowing his constituency to fight its own battles and is at the present moment standing for the six constituencies of Berlin, to allow the 200,000 Catholics of the capital to show their strength at the poll. The Centre may on the whole anticipate the result of the general election without apprehension. They are pretty sure of the eighty-eight seats which on the last occasion they won on the first ballots. They will probably lose a couple of seats to the Poles; but that will not affect their position from a religious standpoint, as Poles and Centre are at one where the interests of Catholicity are concerned. It is possible however that they may forfeit a few of their seats at the second ballots. National and German Liberals even talk of voting for the Social Democrat as against the Centre on this occasion. It is quite possible that the Liberal Union may do so; but anyone who knows either National Liberals or German people's party must realise that they hold Social Democracy in absolute abhorrence. It is therefore extremely probable that the Centre will return to the Reichstag with a loss of at most four or five seats which will but slightly impair its strength in the Chamber.

No one can tell what will happen to the Social Democrats. The rise in the price of food has strengthened them. At their meetings they are as a general rule wise enough to avoid all reference to Social Democracy and its policy. They talk of Prince von Bülow's letter, the extravagance and corruption of colonial administration, the low salaries of Civil Servants and the administration of the State Insurance funds, but except where they are perfectly sure of their ground they do not refer to the expropriation of individual ownership or the nationalisation of property. They appeal to all the discontent that doubtless exists in Germany, but to little or nothing else. Indeed those who attend their meetings cannot fail to be impressed by the fat and well-looking appearance of the audience. There are perhaps not 200,000 absolutely convinced Socialists in Germany, and the rest of their 3,000,000 supporters are made up of men who are dissatisfied with the apathy of German Liberalism and hope to gain something by the change that must proceed from the power wielded by a violent party. It is, however, very possible that they have already reached the summit of this influence. Germans

are pre-eminently a patriotic people, proud of their Emperor their army and their commerce. They realise what great strides German trade has made during the last quarter of a century and they resent the violent attacks which the Socialist leaders have made upon their army and navy. Difficult however as it may be to forecast the result so far as they are concerned, the leaders of the party have no great hopes of improving their position and will not be very dissatisfied if they return to the Reichstag as strong as they were in 1903. As for the remaining groups little can be predicted with certainty except that the Poles are pretty sure to win four seats, two from the Centre and two from the Liberal party. They have steadily increased in population during the last five years and are now at loggerheads with the Centre party who, they argue, have not done enough for them. They have also had many other causes of complaint which have helped to consolidate their party. We may therefore anticipate the return of twenty Poles, or two more than in 1881 when they reached their highest record.

Although it is by no means easy to foresee the constitution of the coming Reichstag many political meteorologists anticipate that there will not be much change. There may be further dissolutions with similar results; but one thing seems most probable. The Government will in the long run give up their hope of carrying out their policy with the help of the discordant groups of the Left who cannot collect an adequate majority. They will then realise how much unites them with and how little separates them from the Centre, a compromise will be made and Germany will return to the system which has prevailed so steadily since Prince Bismarck went to Canossa and united all the solid and conservative elements of the Empire under his leadership.

FRENCH CHRISTIANITY AT BAY.

THE Epiphany Encyclical of Pius X. is an impressive vindication of the stand that French Christianity is making against the principle of "atheism by establishment" (to quote Burke's immortal words) embodied in the French Separation Law. The effect is perceptible in the Chamber of Deputies, where legislators seem in hot haste to begin the journey to Canossa by pulling down one at least of the legal barriers by which they have sought to bar the path of loyal Catholics to the sanctuaries of the faith. It is visible also in the columns of the "Times" newspaper, which on Monday rendered a tardy justice to the "lofty principles and unshaken faith" that inspire the Pope's protest against the attack on the existence of organised Christianity in France. This recognition of the beauty of righteousness is well. Unfortunately the "Times" goes on to argue that on grounds of expediency the Pope and the French Church should submit to the inevitable; in other words, should sacrifice what they deem the divine constitution of the Church to gain a few years' respite from spoliation and persecution. That more than a respite could be purchased by such a surrender no one can believe who understands French Jacobinism and remembers the fate of those of the religious Orders that were spared by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to be dissolved by M. Combes. And if the "Times" has forgotten the fate of the Orders, the Pope, as Mr. Ward, in his brilliant article in the current "Nineteenth Century", reminds us, remembers it. The truth is that if there is to be peace, the French Republic must restore the Concordat or give to French Catholicism liberties similar to those that all nonconforming Churches enjoy in this country. Until one or other of these steps is taken, any concession by the Church would only subject her more hopelessly than ever to a State governed by the apostolic successors of the Jacobins of 1793, who as Burke clearly divined even in the early days of the French Revolution would never tolerate any religious establishment, except one that was "intended only to be temporary and preparatory to the abolition of all forms of the Christian religion". M. Clemenceau and his colleagues are animated by a fierce anti-Christian fanaticism. Before

such an enthusiasm for the Faith as the Pope's appeal has evoked in the hearts of French Catholics they may draw back. Our flabby compromisers then will triumph.

Why—for the last thirty years the French Church has followed those counsels of expediency which the "Times" and "Le Temps" still preach to her. And the fruits that she has reaped have been spoliation and persecution. Our regret is that the inevitable struggle between Christianity and atheism was not fought to a finish in the days of Gambetta. We recognise however that even from a religious standpoint strong arguments might formerly be urged for a policy of compromise, when no vital issues were involved, and we feel further that the Church had no right to jeopardise lightly her revenues, which, as the Pope observes in one of the most pathetic passages in the Encyclical, are "partly the patrimony of the poor, and partly the patrimony, more sacred still, of the dead". Still the fact remains, that when a further surrender was impossible without a sacrifice of the Faith, and the Pope and the French Church opposed to the intolerable demands of an atheistic State the non-possumus of the purest ages of Christianity, almost a miraculous change has been effected. For the first time in the annals of the Gallican Church has the whole body of her clergy, from the Cardinal Archbishop to the student in the seminary, rallied to the Papal side in a controversy between the Curia and the French State; and never since the day on which the Scotch Free Kirkers under Chalmers forsook homes and income for what they deemed the "crown rights of Christ" has Europe witnessed so impressive a spectacle of the abandonment of all earthly goods for the sake of the Faith as she has seen in the acceptance by the French bishops and priests of expulsion from their palaces and presbyteries.

If we admitted, which we do not for a moment, that Pius X. and the French Church should base their policy on considerations of expediency, the remarkable success that has already attended the stand for principle would seem to show that in this case at least the path of honour is also the path of safety. And as to the complaint that the Encyclical contains no detailed scheme of action for the bishops and clergy to follow, he must be a fool himself who imagines that the Pope, face to face with a malignant enemy, would be such a fool as to go into details in a message *urbi et orbi*. Is he likely to show his plans to the "Times" correspondent in Paris, for instance? The bishops will know what to do, but they will not tell their enemies either in France or in England.

In the Encyclical the Pope explains why he was unable to sanction the Associations culturelles. They were, he tells us, organised in such a way as to run counter to the whole basis on which the constitution of the Catholic Hierarchy rests. We believe that any ecclesiastical lawyer or theologian, Roman or Anglican, who understands the question would endorse the Pope's view. Unless the Pope was prepared to accept as theologically correct the proposition that the rulers of the Church by divine law are lay taxpayers and householders, that the bishops and priests are their subordinates, and that the State is the supreme judge of heresy, he could not have recognised a Church based on Associations culturelles. This self-evident truth has lately been admitted even by M. Combes. Yet English newspapers continue to assert that the majority of the French episcopate would, but for Papal interference, have willingly enrolled the faithful in the semi-Presbyterian, semi-Voltairean established Church of the Separation Law. The truth is that the Bishops at the meeting on 31 May condemned the insulting and ridiculous suggestion with practical unanimity. We may add that it is inaccurate to state that the majority of the episcopate favoured the modification rather than the rejection of this insulting proposal. What happened was this. Some bishops at the council and some newspaper canonists outside did believe that legal dexterity might devise some kind of associations, of which the constitution should not be repugnant to Catholic principles, and whose form could be one which was technically legal under the Separation Law. By a majority the council decided not that such Associations should be formed, but that the question whether their formation was possible should be sub-

mitted to the Pope. It may be added that many of the Bishops who voted for this proposal had no hope or belief that such a solution of the difficulty was possible. They merely desired to have the Pope's view. And every Englishman who recalls the recent fate of a Scotch Non-conformist body in the House of Lords must admit that the Pope only acted as any prudent lawyer would have done in dissuading the French episcopate from any such attempt to juggle away the plain meaning of the Republic's law. M. Briand's circular of 1 September showed conclusively that the attempt would have failed. At the best the device of a smart attorney would have been a poor defence for the Christian Faith. We have dwelt at some length on the dead issue, because it is necessary to show that between the Pope and the Episcopate there has never been any real difference on matters of principle. The attitude of the Bishops at their meeting this week is a further proof that the French prelate who desires to accept this Republic's law is the brother of the Jesuit of fiction.

The Encyclical repudiates the charge that the Pope has wilfully courted war and persecution, or that he desires to combat the French Government on its civil side. No one who knows the modern history of the Papacy could credit an accusation so silly. Though our newspapers talk with weary reiteration of the hostility of the Papacy to the Republic, the charge so far as the history of the last century goes is absolutely void of foundation. Tories and Churchmen indeed may hold that in times past the principle of authority throughout Europe has been seriously weakened by the disinclination of the Papacy to interfere in the internal affairs of France, a disinclination by the way which England has not always shown. At every critical stage of French history, from the date of the Concordat to the present time, the Holy See has invariably struggled to keep the French clergy in obedience to their *de facto* rulers. True it may not have always succeeded, and English Churchmen who cherish the tradition of the Non-jurors can hardly blame in some French priests a lingering attachment to the "impossible loyalties" of the past. That the bulk of the French clergy to-day are if anything too naïve in their trustful submission in all things lawful to their rulers is proved by the remarkable speech of the Abbé Lemire this week in the Chamber. It is well for the French Republic that it has not had to face a Swift or an Atterbury.

Are English Christians going to persist in callous indifference to the persecution of Christianity in France at the hands of politicians who talk of "their noble father Satan", or brag of their desire to make an end of the idea of Christianity? If on this matter they condemn Pius X. they pass judgment also on Baxter and Chalmers. To genuine Churchmen however a stronger appeal may be made. The Gallican Church has been the one portion of the Papal communion where from the days of Bull to the days of Lightfoot Anglican theology has been respected. There are therefore sentimental grounds for sympathy. Apart however from sentiment the one principle which has obliged Anglicans to resist the Erastian tyranny of the Privy Council demands that they should protest against the infinitely more shameless Erastianism of the French Separation Law. Here is a field upon which the reunion of Christendom may be practically advanced. The old Tractarians would have rejoiced for such an opportunity to prove their Catholicism. Can it be that their successors out of anti-Papal prejudice are ready to pass by without a word of sympathy the Church of S. Louis and Bossuet, when she is suffering for the Faith?

OUR FRIEND AND GUEST THE AMIR.

IT is over five years since Habibulla Amir succeeded his father on the throne of Afghanistan. About the same period passed between the date of Abdur-Rahman's accession and his first visit to India. Sher Ali who succeeded the celebrated Amir Dost Mohammad in 1863 similarly found himself unable to go to India till 1869 when he met Lord Mayo at Umballa. It is well to bear these facts in mind because

those who mistrust the good will and good faith of Habibulla assert that he has purposely deferred a meeting with the Viceroy in order to demonstrate his independence of the Indian Government and to put it in the position of soliciting his alliance and thereby put himself in a position to secure better terms. There are certain considerations which must modify this conclusion. The first thing an Asiatic ruler, and beyond others the ruler of Afghanistan, has to think of is to make his own position secure. This is a matter of time. With a few intervals the war of succession which followed the death of Dost Mohammad lasted for twenty-seven years, breaking out afresh as opportunity offered, till Abdur-Rahman was called to the vacant throne in 1880, and in a few decisive strokes disposed of all his rivals. The careful arrangements made by that great statesman to secure the peaceful succession of his eldest son averted the armed conflict which, after the Afghan fashion, would otherwise have followed his death. Nevertheless Habibulla had to face troubles with those of his own house as well as to secure the support of the unruly tribes who, beyond their common religion, are bound together only by the loose tie of the suzerainty of the ruler at Kabul. Under Abdur-Rahman's stern rule and policy of "thorough" no really formidable rival among the tribes was left to challenge the title of his heir to the overlordship of Afghanistan. The officials who replaced them were bound by ties of interest or marriage to maintain the reigning dynasty. Habibulla's task was therefore made easy. But his policy of conciliation could only be worked out gradually. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in Afghan soil. By degrees, as he began to feel his footing, he recalled from banishment many of the leading refugees. Whether his position has thereby been really strengthened time alone can show. There were also the religious leaders—the Mullahs—to be gained over; and no class in the country is more obstinately opposed to any traffic with the infidel Government across the border. The achievement of this policy has been the work of years. To be absent from his kingdom till all fear of domestic intrigue or tribal revolt had been removed would have been to court disaster. Even now the Independent King of Afghanistan has found it desirable to follow the ancient Oriental policy and take many of his leading chiefs and notables in his train. He thus adds to the imposing character of his retinue and is able to keep under observation anyone whom he mistrusts.

Again there has been some disposition to find offence in the fact that the Indian Government was obliged to send a mission to Kabul before the Amir had personally presented himself to the Viceroy. It would no doubt have been more regular if the initiative could have been taken by the Amir. Simultaneously however with the despatch of the Dane mission he sent his eldest son to pay a ceremonial visit at Calcutta and so far satisfy the obligations of diplomatic usage. In all these things there is nothing which necessarily indicates an unfriendly feeling in the Amir or a failure to recognise on which side his true interests lie. It is wise and just to consider the limitations which his position impose on a new ruler at Kabul. He has not only to make his own position safe but he has to reckon with the susceptibilities of the ignorant and fanatical tribesmen. They are resolutely opposed to the admission of foreigners into their country or of any outside interference in its policy. Even so strong a ruler as Abdur-Rahman had to defer to this feeling and make concessions to the Mullahs whom he hated and despised and to the ignorance of those around him. In his biography he says: "I was unable to show my friendship publicly to the extent that was necessary because my people were ignorant and fanatical. If I showed any inclination towards the English my people would call me an infidel and proclaim a religious war against me." It is conceivable that Habibulla had a similar reason for coquetting with his ex-tutor the pestilent Hadda Mullah. He has, it must be remembered, adopted his father's policy on all points. No part of it was more firm or clear than Abdur-Rahman's conclusion that the interests of his country lay in the alliance and support of England and the resolute

rejection of all Russian advances. On this last principle the son has acted on the only occasion known to have arisen.

Possibly, considerations of the same nature have influenced the announcement that the present visit is one of courtesy and pleasure only, from which political topics are to be excluded. This precaution avoids any necessity for the public declaration of any interchange of views or any understanding which may be reached. If politics are not discussed, it will not be for want of matter for discussion. The Dane treaty has merely renewed the general principle of friendly relations and certain conditional promises of aid in repelling foreign aggression. The methods to be adopted to secure these ends and to place both parties in a position to carry out the engagement, remain to be defined. This involves such all-important matters as the making of strategic railways, the import of munitions of war, the admission of British representatives to Afghan territory, and the improvement of the Amir's army. Whatever their value as raw material, the great bulk of the Afghan troops are unfit to oppose an army organised and equipped on modern lines. It is impossible that a visit of this kind can be without political importance. The King of Afghanistan cannot, if he would, take rank as a mere winter tourist even of royal degree. There is some risk that the very splendour of his reception may encourage an undue sense of self-importance: but it must convince him of the esteem and friendship in which he is held. He will gather from his tour a useful impression of the resources of the British Government and the opportunity of seeing a large force of modern troops in the field must bring home to him the grave deficiencies of his own army. Even if there were nothing else to signalise the occasion, the meetings of the Amir with leading Indian Princes and his visits to their States would make it a political event of first-rate importance. It is perhaps the most significant feature of the whole business, because it is a new and practical step towards the association of the great native chiefs with the foreign policy of India and its relations with other powers. The facilities now granted to the Amir more than recognise the community in interest of the independent native States with the British Government in the protection and advancement of India. They demonstrate, also, more forcibly than any words the entire confidence of the Imperial Government in the full and loyal co-operation of the chiefs. Times have indeed changed, and changed for the better, when the Ruler of Afghanistan coming to India as the guest of the British Government is at their instance invited to the Courts not only of Sikh and Hindu Princes, but to the Court of the leading Mohammadan Chief of the Punjab.

THE THOUSAND MILLION MARK.

THE Board of Trade Returns for 1906, issued a few days ago, have been admirably referred to in the press throughout the country as indicating a degree of prosperity which is without parallel in this or any other country. Nor have there been wanting, at least in the Ministerial press, attempts to preach a moral of which the essence has been the wonderful success which has followed the commercial policy associated with the United Kingdom and with no other country. Some of the Unionist organs have evidently been staggered by the stupendous total of more than a thousand millions sterling of foreign trade, and at least one journal has offered to play into the enemy's hands by flying the white flag and calling for a "fiscal truce".

We have no desire to refer deprecatingly to the trade returns. We admit that appearances are healthy; but can these appearances be trusted? We have been anxious to know, for example, if the increase in trade said to be shown in the returns proves that there has been a similar increase in the amount of work and in the wages of the people. Any answer to the question must be seriously modified by the memorandum on the trade returns for 1905 and 1906 which was issued on Wednesday by the Tariff Commission.

We learn from this memorandum that the increases shown by the official figures were not nearly so large in actual fact. We are informed, as the result of the Tariff Commission's detailed analysis—which is set out in a judicial spirit that must earn the respect of all thinking persons—that “of the increase of 35 millions sterling in the value of imports for home consumption, 23½ millions was due to increased prices and 11½ millions to increased quantities”. That is to say, of the total increase less than one-third is due to an increase of volume; the remainder is due to an inflation of values caused by a continuance of the rise of prices which began some years ago and which has been especially marked in the past two years. The increase in the volume of imports is thus reduced from the 7 per cent. at which the official figures left it to a real increase of just over 2 per cent., that is to say a little more than the rate of increase of population. Similarly, the 45½ millions increase in exports is declared to include 17½ millions on account of changes in price and 28 millions on account of changes in quantity. An apparent increase of 14 per cent. is thus reduced to a real increase of only 8 per cent.

With this suggestion of the influence of prices as a clue, we turn back to the record of our trade returns for the past thirty years or so. We find that between 1871 and 1872, and again between 1879 and 1880, our exports rose, in the former period by 15 per cent., and in the latter by 16 per cent. in values. These were, however, periods of very considerable and rapid changes in prices; for, according to Mr. Sauerbeck's Index Numbers, wholesale prices rose by 9 per cent. between 1871 and 1872, and by more than 6 per cent. between 1879 and 1880. It is a somewhat disquieting reflection that each of these “boom” periods was quickly followed by a much longer interval of serious trade depression.

For our part, and we are conscious that it requires a courageous effort to express it, we are not satisfied with the trade returns as evidence of prosperity. The unemployment return issued on Wednesday by the Board of Trade shows for the month of December a percentage of 4·9 of trade unionists throughout the country as out of work. We know that this must mean—in a period when unemployment is increasing, as has been the case since last April, when the unemployment figure was 3·6 per cent.—a very much larger percentage of unemployment among unskilled workers, who are almost entirely non-unionists and do not enter into the returns. We are struck by the fact that the average of unemployment during 1906 was appreciably higher than the average for the preceding ten years. We note especially that despite the alleged “boom” shipbuilders on the Clyde hazarded a strike some few weeks ago rather than yield to the demand of the workmen for a “rise” in wages. Nor are we reassured by the flow of money into the Exchequer during the present financial year. But for the death of so many millionaires during the year the revenue returns would have made an exceedingly poor showing compared with the estimates. Practically the whole of the increase in the revenue to the present year is due to this cause, while “stamps”—admittedly one of the best tests of trade activity—show a decline.

We have no evidence therefore that the increase in volume in the overseas trade, even as left by the Tariff Commission memorandum, means prosperity in the home trade. There has been in the past year a considerable amount of activity in foreign countries. The official trade returns of Germany and the United States show increases of 12½ and 11 per cent. respectively in the total trade of those countries as compared with the 10 per cent. increase for the United Kingdom. There has been a considerable increase in the importations into Germany; but while the total imports during the first nine months showed an increase of 15 per cent. our exports to them in the same period amounted to 11 per cent. Our exports to the United States have certainly increased more than those of other countries, but this is directly attributable to the exceptional demands created by the rebuilding of San Francisco, which, owing to her exceptional and undoubted prosperity, the United States has been unable to undertake herself. Our exports to South America show during the first

nine months of 1906 an enormous increase over the corresponding period of 1905, but as this expansion coincides with a boom in investments in those regions we are at present unable to regard our exports to those countries as other than a speculation which need not, and probably will not, obtain for us a permanently secured market.

There was in the past year only a small net increase in the imports of manufactures, but on probing this matter further we find that this was due almost entirely to a diminution in the “iron” imports for which there has been so extraordinary a demand in 1906 in every part of the world, and which our competitors have been unable to supply fast enough. Electrical goods, machinery, leather, silk and flax manufactures all show substantial increases. Happily our exports to the self-governing colonies show a substantial increase, the character of which impresses us as possessing greater stability and permanency. In the first nine months the exports to Canada increased by 10 per cent.; to the Commonwealth by 20 per cent., and to New Zealand by 12½ per cent. It is in these markets that we continue to show real progress; these markets promise us the most secure and permanent outlet for our surplus manufactures. There is nothing in the trade returns for 1906 in any way to modify our belief in the efficacy of Imperial Preference.

THE CITY.

THE reduction of the Bank rate on Thursday from 6 to 5 per cent. was very welcome, though having been expected it did not affect prices. No doubt the removal of the fear of monetary trouble will make itself gradually felt in all markets, beginning with the heavy securities, Consols and Home Railways. The latter are pretty sure to rise, as the dividend season is approaching. Lancashire and Yorkshire Ordinary stock, for instance, ought to rise considerably, as the half-yearly dividend to be declared next month is almost certain to be increased. Argentine railways ought also to improve, as Buenos Ayres and Pacific, which yield about 6½ per cent., are worth buying, now that money is cheaper. The position of the American railway market remains a puzzle. Money is cheaper and more abundant in New York as well as in London: but though all fears of a money squeeze are over, the prices of stocks either stick or go down. In the middle of the week Southern Common fell 4 points, from 33 to 29, which is equal to a fall of 12 per cent. on a stock standing at par. This was the more astonishing because Southern were as high as 41 a few months ago, and they are not a favourite medium of speculation. The fall was ascribed to a proposed reduction of the half-yearly dividend on the Preference stock to 2: but this seems an absurd explanation because the dividend is not due till April, and it seems impossible that the directors can have decided so long before the event on the amount of dividend. It is further certain that the line has earned its full dividend on the preference, and it is almost inconceivable that the Board should choose such a moment to withhold it, unless, of course, certain powerful parties want to get the stock cheap. The methods of American railway boards are so peculiar, and are so generally governed by Wall Street manoeuvres, that the fall in Southern looks very like the precursor to the long-talked-of reconstruction of the capital on the basis of one class of share, which would mean a big rise in the Common Canadian Pacifics, which touched 206 a few weeks ago, hang round about 195, and Union Pacifics, which have been at 200, are stagnant in the neighbourhood of 185. Steel Commons oscillate between 49 and 51 with exasperating regularity, though for operators who like “in-and-out” dealing they offer a tempting field. Large options for the call of Unions and Steel Commons are out for the end of the month, and it may be that the gods of Wall Street do not mean to put prices higher until the givers have paid their forfeits. It needs a long spoon to sup with Messrs. Harriman, Hill and Morgan; and perhaps the only thing that can be confidently predicted of the American market is that it will do exactly the opposite of what everybody expects it to do. The

sensation of the past ten days has been the collapse of Siberian Proprietaries from 15 to 7½, and of its subsidiaries Orsks from 2½ to 1½, and Troitzks from 1½ to under par. Luckily the collapse took place after the carry-over on Friday, when Siberian Props made up at 14, Orsks at 2½, and Troitzks at 1½. It seems undoubted that the first attack was made on the group by a "bear" (a large and well-known specimen of the genus), who circulated rumours that the Orsk and Troitzk companies had no titles or bad titles. So many people recollect the trouble there was about the titles of some of the Baku oil properties that a panic was easily started, and frightened holders threw their shares away. Unchecked success makes men proud and careless, and unfortunately the "shop" was taken off its guard. Saturday being a day when many Jews do not go to the City, the "bears" were able to take liberties with the market until Tuesday, when it became manifest that the very rich men who are behind Siberian Props were not going to take it lying down. The Orsk titles have since been approved and their license granted by the Tsar, and the Troitzk formalities will be attended to in the due course of business. We do not say that there will be a sudden rush up of Siberian Props, Orsks and Troitzks: but we do inform our readers from knowledge that all arrangements have been made to prevent another bear surprise, and that the shares will slowly and surely recover prices which their promoters and largest shareholders maintain were based on intrinsic merits. This affair would not have excited so much attention were it not for the fact that Lord Howe, Lord Stanley, Lord Knollys, and Lord Farquhar are among the directors of the group, and have in consequence been subjected to a good many nasty criticisms in the newspapers. Another branch of the mining market which has caused grievous disappointment to its backers is that of Victorian Deep Leads. Although the public have been officially assured by Messrs. Bewick and Moreing that in a week or two the shafts and drives will be in the deep river bed, where the rich gravel is to be found, there is a persistent and mysterious "tap" running through the market. Loddon Valleys, Australian Commonwealth Trusts, and Consolidated Deep Leads have all fallen below the prices at which they were carried over, and are in fact about where they were three months ago, before the pumping difficulty had been surmounted. Whether this weakness is the result of "short" selling, or liquidation by tired bulls or deceased holders, no one seems to know; whatever the cause, the effect is very disheartening. South Africans, with the exception of De Beers Deferred, which have risen to 28, have gone off a little; or at all events, paused in their ascent. It is whispered, as Stock Exchange gossip, that the Siberian magnates are giving the Kaffir magnate who sold "Props" last week "tit-for-tat" by selling Kaffirs from Berlin and Paris. There may be something in this; but it is more likely that the buying movement is satisfied for the time, and that there will be a period of quiescence until after the Transvaal elections are over, which will be about the end of February.

INSURANCE: DOMESTIC RISKS.

THE Workmen's Compensation Act 1906, which comes into force on 1 July next, makes employers liable in the event of injury to domestic servants by accident arising out of, and in the course of the employment. Many of the insurance companies have announced the terms upon which they are prepared to issue policies covering risks under the new law. If regard is had merely to legal responsibility the normal rate is 3s. a year for each indoor servant, and 5s. a year for gardeners, coachmen and grooms. The compensation provided for under the Act is in some respects less than many, if not most, employers have felt themselves bound to provide, especially in the case of minor accidents. Most servants if injured would receive full wages for at least a month and in many instances medical expenses would be paid by the employer. The Ocean Accident Corporation recognising the moral and

practical responsibilities of employers in excess of the provisions of the Act have issued a comprehensive policy calling for a premium of 5s. a year for each indoor servant. This the majority of people are likely to prefer to the more limited conditions on which the Ocean and all other companies are prepared to issue at the lower rate. One great benefit of the more liberal scheme is that it will tend to prevent friction and litigation between master and servant, since it will not be necessary to consider so closely the compensation to which the injured employé is legally entitled.

Bearing in mind the possibly heavy cost of compensation and the very small payment needed to insure protection, this domestic insurance at once takes its place in the same category as fire insurance as a necessity for every household. In fact the need for it is even more imperative. If a man's furniture is burnt and the loss is not covered by insurance, he can, if circumstances necessitate it, replace the goods by degrees, but compensation to servants has to be provided in cash and at once. For a very large number of people this would be a practical impossibility in the absence of an insurance policy. Perhaps wisely the Act does not make insurance compulsory, but it is to be hoped that everybody will see the necessity of insurance and that it will be universally adopted.

The new Act also renders employers liable for injury by accident to private secretaries, clerks, and typists, the rate of premium being about the same as for indoor domestic servants. The chance of injury in this case may be less, but compensation when incurred may be considerably more.

Among other risks run by householders which can be covered by insurance are fire and burglary. The need of fire insurance is generally recognised, but burglary policies are not taken so frequently as they ought to be. Since most of the companies which insure against employers' liability now issue both fire and burglary policies there is no doubt that the whole subject of domestic insurance will be brought prominently before householders. All the offices are making great efforts to obtain the new class of business. If the result leads to insurance against all domestic risks, as is not improbable, it will be a very happy indirect result of an Act of Parliament which in this connexion at least can be recognised as entirely good and appropriate.

THE BALEFUL INFLUENCE.

IS there anybody now in good health and spirits? We think most people would say, If there is we have not met him. Melancholy not motley is the only wear. Sickness is catching says Helena to Hermione in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and so we find it now. Wherever one goes, carrying his load of languor and depression, he finds others with equal lack-lustre eye suffering from something which on comparing notes he finds bears a general resemblance to his own malaise. Let him try to describe his symptoms to a doctor, as we all have to do, and he finds words fail to convey any clear idea of what he is ailing. He feels inclined to say, Just look out of the window, see the dull grey sky and the deadly depression and languor and mournfulness in the air. Where is there a note of cheerfulness or hopefulness? There is no sun, no cheerful wind, no stir or movement that suggests vitality. I feel as if I were part of all this, that I am surrounded with gloom, that I am sharing the secret of some tragedy either about to happen or which is now over but with whose consequences I am appalled. Of course you cannot be so romantic as this with your doctor but you feel you would like to indulge yourself in some such heroics. You check yourself and you tell him in bald words, which very inadequately describe your real feelings, that you have a severe cold, or you must have influenza or be about to have it, or that your liver is all wrong and you have rheumatics or neuralgia. So you have; but it is not what you definitely suffer but what you indefinitely feel that can never be told, and for what you feel there can be no remedy. Then your doctor informs you, as he has been informing numberless other victims like yourself in

your neighbourhood, that you are attacked by influenza. You ask him exactly what influenza is and he cannot tell you. It is the influence, the mysterious influence of something from somewhere, which comes upon you somehow no one knows how, and what is this but destiny, fate inscrutable, in which air and sky seem taking part with full knowledge and deliberation? Exactly what you were thinking before the doctor prescribed for you. Only it has not the dignity of an individual fate. You are not the Orestes whom the Eumenides are pursuing alone. This influence is general like the blight that was to fall upon the land of Athens, on man and beast and crops, if Athene had not soothed the malignant Erinyes. No, your fate is not individual; it is part of one stupendous whole in which populous towns and solitary hamlets and villages and country houses all are implicated. What have the medicals to say of it? Nothing; even the ubiquitous and all-potent microbe fails them here. Is it in the air, the water, the soil? It may not be scientific to say so but we feel it in the air, just as we say we feel other brooding intangible calamities not of the body but of the mind and of our fortunes. It impends over us, it haunts and threatens, it lives with us day and night for weeks and we oburgate it, resist and defy it, and then suddenly the crisis comes and we sink before the inevitable, utterly helpless. It was to be and is: and that is almost all there is to be said of it. We mentioned the air, the water, the soil. We might just as well have mentioned the moon that "Pale in her anger, washes all the air, That rheumatic diseases do abound"; or the winds that "as in revenge have sucked up from the sea, contagious fogs". Sirius rose in October, and for ought we know it may be the "baleful dog-star" that is the influence—the influenza. When everything is possible, why should we cut short our speculations? In the present state of medicine when it is a question of influenza, one guess is as good as another; and so perhaps Oberon and Titania have not yet made up their quarrel. "And this same progeny of evils comes from their debate, from their dissension; they are their parents and original."

If we are not to have recourse to fate, or the fairies, or the heavenly bodies to account for influenza, there is nothing else to fall back on. This influence is not a cause but a metaphysical abstraction, a name made up to designate an unknown quantity; a group of symptoms which Jones may exhibit in theoretical completeness, and yet be only half as bad as Smith who has only a moderate selection of them. You cannot say the weather is a cause, as that is also only a word to hide our ignorance, as influenza itself is. In cold weather or in warm a physical condition may be produced which has definite action on the body, but is it cold or warm weather in this sense that produces influenza? In the alternate cold and warm days we have had since the New Year began it would not be easy to fix the incubation of influenza on one in preference to the other. If most of us were polled, we should say that we catch colds perhaps on the cold days, but the muggy days make us suspect influenza the more. It is on these days that external nature corresponds in appearance with the inward feelings influenza produces. This may be a very naïf idea. There is no science in it; but perhaps it might be the beginning of science; just as botany and pharmacology began by men fancying that certain peculiarities of form or colour in plants had a mysterious resemblance to certain appearances in diseases. Not only about the cause but about the propagation of this affliction there is the same ambiguity, so that one begins to doubt whether we know anything of it at all except the origin of its name. And it is at any rate interesting, even if it is not very important or useful, to know that if Italy was not its first local habitation, it was Italy that gave it its name. We do not know whether influenza is an infectious or a contagious disease; but whichever it be there seems no way of stopping its spread. It has to be allowed to die out, or not to die out, at its own sweet will. We can segregate smallpox, or measles, or scarlatina, but where is the medical detective service

that would undertake the enterprise of segregating the influenza-patients? We might as well attempt to segregate the flies that carry fever in summer as the doctors tell us. There is no outward and visible sign by which it can be "spotted" or in more dignified language diagnosed, as there is in other cases. When influenza attains a certain acuteness we know we have it; but one may go on for days or weeks suspecting he has it or trembling on the brink of it, and come right through without collapse. When he gets the better of what he thinks is it he is sure, however, to believe he has had it; certainly he will tell his friends so; and no one would be impolite enough to contradict him, for it is a point of honour almost to have had influenza; or a birthright of which we are not to be robbed. Without it our experience of life is incomplete; as much so as if we had never been in love, or never written poetry. And here we come upon a feature of influenza which distinguishes it more than anything else from every other malady. It is a topic adaptable equally to the dining-room and the drawing-room. There is a generality about it as broad as the weather itself, and its details are not too intimate; a drawback of appendicitis, for instance, which influenza does not suffer from. Some complaints are too personal. You will hardly have a dinner party at which all the guests will be suffering more or less from toothache; but it is quite possible with influenza. So that it can be introduced without egoism and without pedantry. Everybody knows what you are talking about, and you cannot engross the conversation because everybody else can add some colour or shade of variety of which he alone has the secret. A grand resource for general conversation! What a godsend influenza would be in Tangier now, where Mr. Walter Harris tells us every subject of conversation is taboo but the weather, and the weather is dull. Why, if influenza dies out, as other diseases have died out, our successors will envy us: Eadem cupient, facientque minores.

COMMERCIAL AND UNCOMMERCIAL.

"HAPPY is the theatre that has no history", said a manager, not long ago, in answer to a friend who had been reproaching him for his lack of enterprise. Commercially, who shall deny the truth of the adage? A manager who strikes out a line for himself, or a series of lines, may amass a solid fortune; but the chances are that he will amass nothing of the kind. Whereas a manager who doggedly confines himself to the doing of things that have been done successfully by other people is likely to retire with wealth more or less beyond the dreams of avarice. That is, of course, if he does these things well, and has plenty of capital, and a theatre attractive in itself. It is no use to do stale things on the cheap in a dull or devious theatre, as many men have found to their cost. Unless a manager starts on a solid basis, he might as well go in for artistic experiments at once.

A good deal of theatrical history has been made (and, as it happened, quite lucratively) in the Haymarket Theatre. "Happy is the theatre that has no history" does not mean that a manager ought to eschew a theatre that is haunted by tradition. On the contrary, such tradition is in itself an asset. All that the adage means is that the manager will be wise to avoid the weaving of a tradition for his successors. And it is just this weaving that Mr. Frederick Harrison, sole lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, avoids with extraordinary sureness. When Mr. Cyril-Maude was in joint management with him, there were, at least, some new and original plays. Not new in the sense of being novel; nor original in the sense of startling us; but plays that had not been produced elsewhere. I suspect that Mr. Maude must have pleaded hard to get them produced by Mr. Harrison. For since Mr. Maude's departure Mr. Harrison has not (so far as I remember) stooped to the production of anything that is even technically new and original. What has he produced? I really don't remember. Possibly I am wrong in thinking that all his productions have been either revivals or adaptations. Possibly I have not seen his every production. The point—a point which nobody can deny—is that he has done nothing that matters.

The Haymarket has been very, very happy under his wise, negative auspices.

Now that the revival of "The Man from Blankney's" has run its successful course, we have a revival of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment". I went to see it a few nights ago, and found the audience enjoying it very much. One of the stage-boxes was empty until, just as the curtain rose on the second act, a galaxy of fashion revealed itself there. Had Mr. Harrison produced a play that really mattered, these ladies and gentlemen would have felt themselves compelled to dine at some unearthly hour; and even so, perhaps, they would not have had enough to eat. Therefore, the chances are that they would have chosen not the Haymarket, but some other theatre, as the scene of their digestion. I have seen quite fashionable people arrive in the auditorium of the Court Theatre before the opening of this or that play by Mr. Shaw. But they all looked very hungry, and altogether unlike their own bright selves. Mr. Harrison knows that where the aristocracy goes, there will the middle class go too. And this, doubtless, is one of the good reasons for his avoidance of anything that demands close attention.

I remember that "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" amused me very much when I first saw it. There are things in it that amuse me still. But oh the ravages of Time! I did not know that Time went about his business so quickly. The play is incredibly old-fashioned. "He's a very good fellow", says Captain Dorvaston to the wife of the vicar; "he's a damned good fellow". The wife of the vicar screams, the captain apologises profusely; and we are supposed to rock with laughter. Speaking of some kind of food, "It is very good", says the captain, "for the stom—" and again apologises profusely. "Ah", says the vicar's daughter to the curate who is in love with her, "I was a little girl then—all elbows and knees", whereat the curate utters an exclamation of pained surprise; and again we are supposed to rock with laughter. Is it possible that this recipe for laughter was really successful a few short years ago? And then there is the scene in which three men are stowed away in three separate cupboards. I had thought that sort of thing ceased in the 'seventies. So quickly does fashion change that one imagines that what one enjoyed quite lately was known to one only as a vague tradition from the unknown past. Well, the melancholy effect on me of such things as the cupboard scene in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is mitigated by the revelation that, after all, our playwrights have been making strides. Also, it stirs my imagination, making me wonder in just what way the present modes of dramatic humour will strike us a few years hence. Mr. Shaw's humour, for instance, or Mr. Barrie's, is bound, in the natural course of things, to seem very old-fashioned: we shall wonder how we managed to laugh so heartily at this and that jest. Shall we even assert that it was a poor jest? Impossible! And yet . . . used we not to roar with laughter at Mr. Carton's cupboard scene?

Very much the best thing in the play is the character of Lady Huntworth. This seems not a whit less well-observed and vivid than it did before. Perhaps, if it had failed to reappear in every play that Mr. Carton has written since, and if we were thus beholding it after a lapse of years, it too might seem old-fashioned and unreal. Miss Compton plays it as delightfully as ever. Captain Dorvaston is a quite null figure, and gives no chance to Mr. Hawtrey's particular genius. The hero of "Lord and Lady Algy" was, if I rightly remember, a much more amusing figure. I think I see Mr. Harrison noting down "Lord and Lady Algy" for his next production! Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays the drunken husband who used to be played, with minute realism, by Mr. Dion Boucicault. Mr. Grossmith treats it frankly as a comic part, and is therefore much more in key with the entertainment.

I do not see Mr. Harrison noting down for production the play which was tried on Friday of last week at the Bijou Theatre: "A Point of View". And, indeed, I can face with something like equanimity the prospect of never seeing this play again. I discerned dimly in it a "view", but no manner of "point". In

the first act we have the old trite theme that consists of a very young girl married to a pedantic scholar who takes little notice of her. The wife has an elder half-sister who is an actress, and who urges her to leave her luxurious home for ever and try her luck on the stage. In the second act we see the two young women in provincial lodgings. The run-away has been a complete failure on the stage. Also the manager of the touring company has disappeared without paying any salaries. Naturally, the run-away regrets that she ran away; and naturally (according to the stage convention) she discovers that she had been in love with her husband all the time. Knocking about the provinces is all very well for her half-sister, who is used to it, and who, being of an independent and Bohemian character, likes it; but for a timid, dependent girl, married to a rich man, the sudden experience of it is rather unpleasant. One would have supposed that the half-sister, who is no fool, would have foreseen that, and, having invited it, would take the blame on herself. But then the author of the play, who has read her Ibsen, would not have the chance of writing, in a would-be Ibsenite manner, a long scene in which it is demonstrated by the elder girl that the younger, though she seems so nice, is a mass of selfishness. In the third act, the two have migrated to lodgings in London. The younger has been dangerously ill, but is now convalescent. Her husband has forgiven her, and is going to take her back. She is delighted, though, of course, she is grateful to the half-sister who has been so kind to her. The half-sister reveals that the expenses of the illness were defrayed at the cost of her own honour. The younger sister is horrified, and this gives the elder sister her cue for a long demonstration in self-defence. It is better, argues the elder, to be strong and helpful and unafraid than to be weak and conventional. But the assertion does not make a play. If the author showed us this young woman wavering, before the event, between her desire for respectability and her desire that her younger sister should have every comfort, then there would be a dramatic theme. Or again, there would be a dramatic theme if the younger girl, before the revelation, had had no desire to leave the elder and return to her husband. Or again—but it is not my business to rewrite plays. It is enough to point out where they fail. This play fails because the author imagined that to draw two different kinds of women was all that need be done. Mere differentiation does not suffice. There must be conflict, either between two persons, or inside one of them.

Miss Frances Wetherall played the elder girl with a power that should serve her well in a real play; and Miss Amy Ravenscroft played the younger very prettily. Mr. Herbert Dansey, by nature a very ebullient actor, and knowing it, restrained himself rather too strictly in his performance of a minor part. The rest were amateurs, who will live always in my memory as quite the worst amateurs I ever saw.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THEATRE-MUSIC TORTURE.

THE time has surely come when a strong protest should be made against the terrible infliction of the average theatre band. The protest is necessary not only in the interest of the good reputation of music as an art, but in the interest of the physical welfare of the public. We have already reached a point in our mechanical progress as a civilisation at which medical science ought to step in with a warning, and the State with a prohibition. The normal bustle and noise of city life has had a patent effect upon nerves and upon the power of longevity. To these have now been added electric tubes and road motor traction, by means of which thousands upon thousands of people are subjected daily to a gradual process—often acute in its symptoms—of nerve destruction. The motor-omnibus is an admirable means of rapid transit; but with its jarring gear-wheels it is calculated to rend the human system as certainly as a set of Nürnberg torture implements. Whilst the practice of hygiene and sanitation on a vast scale

has diminished epidemics and similar evils, nervous diseases have been largely multiplied by the rapid advance of mechanical engineering. The root of the evil lies simply in noise and vibration—two things that are not only connected, but inseparable from one another.

Now I think that there is a cardinal distinction between the theatre band and the motor omnibus as a destroyer of nerves. The distinction, it may be frankly admitted, lies chiefly in the conditions under which the individual suffers. The act of travelling does not, in itself, place any tax upon the mental energies; it absorbs a relatively small quantity of physical vitality. The traveller is therefore free to expend his nervous force upon the necessary task of resisting the extra call upon the wear and tear of his bodily organs. If he conduct a high-pitched conversation, or endeavour to fix his attention on a newspaper, at the same time, he does so voluntarily to his own detriment. In the theatre, on the other hand, his intellectual powers and his senses are compulsorily employed, often—as in the case of sight—to straining point. In such circumstances undue noise becomes doubly pernicious in its effect. It is clear that the function of the theatre orchestra, which plays an important rôle at every type of dramatic entertainment, should be to soothe, and not to excite, the nerves of the audience. Where is recognition given—or even attempted to be given—to this essential function?

No observant person can sit in the neighbourhood of the stalls or boxes in a theatre without perceiving the severe suffering to which their patrons are habitually exposed. Nor is this infliction of pain by any means limited to this particular area. Wherever trumpet players have healthy lungs, the audience is racked from end to end. There is not a nook of which the brass cannot permeate every cubic inch. To give intelligent attention to a play, when the intervals between the acts are systematically filled up with this kind of mental torture (from which there is only escape for a few unattached bachelor bar-haunters), is not only a difficult feat but often an absolutely painful one. The book of a pantomime does not involve much mental strain on the part of the spectator; but, on the other hand, a heavy tax is placed for several hours upon the organ of sight. A few days ago I went to Drury Lane to see "Sindbad". Half-way through the first act I found myself, with my forehead wrinkled like a baboon's, struggling to see, hear, and understand through an orchestral din that transformed the whole scene into a pandemonium of noise. Looking about me I saw others in the same predicament. On every face within a radius of fifty yards was written an expression of strenuous effort at attention mingled with acute nervous suffering. It was a sight that should have been an object-lesson to any intelligent theatre management. And what struck me as most pathetic was the dumb, brute acceptance of the torture as an inevitable, even a necessary, part of the entertainment. A few grumbled, it is true, and their complaints were quite audible. But nobody said, or seemed to think: "This is a scandalous infliction. It is ruining the whole performance, and will make us all ill into the bargain!"

That is the Englishman all over. Until he is violently shocked from the pulpit, or from the political platform, or by his newspaper, it never occurs to him that grievances should be remedied. Custom and tradition overwhelm him from cradle to grave. Grumblingly, but tamely as a sheep, he accepts as inevitable all discomforts and abuses, provided they form his daily surroundings. He can bring himself, at rare intervals, to make an outcry about an evil that is pressed upon his notice because it is only of intermittent occurrence. But there must be something exceptional about it—such as a book club squabble or the cracking of a cathedral—before he can be induced to attend a meeting, or write a letter of protest, or subscribe to a fund in support of organised agitation. So it has come to pass, in the ordinary sequence of events, that the playgoer regards his physical sufferings at the theatre as an inseparable factor of drama. He looks upon the orchestra as a necessity as well as a nuisance; and it naturally does not occur to him, in his pardonable ignorance of the mysteries of instrumentation, that the screeching, blaring brass which bores into his brain and

stupefies his intelligence can be anything but an integral part of a theatre band, without whose aid the musical numbers would have to be abandoned altogether.

The fallacy of supposing that the composition of these bands is an arbitrary matter can be easily made clear. For the benefit of those who know absolutely nothing of the subject, it may be explained that in order to obtain the necessary tone-colour the orchestra is ordinarily divided into four classes of instrumentation: wood, brass, strings, and drums. The latter two are familiar to everybody. The wood instruments generally consist of two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons; whilst the brass are represented in most theatre bands by three trumpets and three trombones. One trumpet alone, it should be borne in mind, can dominate the largest orchestra ever assembled; and if there is one portion of the Scriptures which has my hearty belief, it is that which asserts the destruction of the walls of Jericho in response to the blast of this clarion-voiced instrument. My own opinion is that its use should be restricted to localities with the acoustic properties of Salisbury Plain. Here and there the great composers have employed trumpets with effect; but any student of Beethoven's symphonies will know how sparsely their hideous forte is utilised. To put three trumpets into a small theatre band—to say nothing of the trombones—is simply criminal.

The remedy is childishly obvious. The brass element is an indispensable necessity to the art of orchestration. Even the stuff that passes for music during the pantomime season could not be scored without its aid. But there is no particular virtue in the trumpet or the trombone for this purpose; and to make the scoring dependent solely upon these two for its brass effects is ludicrous. When the sole function of the music is to provide an agreeable interlude to jaded nerves, the inclusion of these instruments in a relatively small band is an offence against decency. It is the more flagrantly so because there lies near to hand a beautiful, but somewhat neglected, brass instrument exactly suited to the requirements of the case. I refer, of course, to the French horn. Not only is its tone entrancingly mellow, both in forte and piano passages, but it possesses, in a higher degree than any of its fellows, the peculiar characteristics demanded of the brass. No doubt the substitution of a quartet of horns for the time-honoured trumpets and trombones would involve some trouble; but, as far as the alteration in the score is concerned, any competent conductor would be able to accomplish it for himself, with the expenditure of a little time and thought, without difficulty.

The playgoer would welcome the innovation. Morally and physically that numerous—and, intellectually speaking, by no means unimportant—section of the public would benefit by the change. The theatre would no longer be a torture-chamber between the acts; the pantomime would cease to be a nightmare, conventionally classed with plum-pudding and other unwholesome Christmas features; and—last but not least—music would regain the good name it has lost in the theatres through the abuse to which it is subjected. But the public may be reminded that the remedy lies with them, not with an individual expression of opinion. Unless they make the weight of their displeasure felt, and declare their sentiments in an articulate manner, the trumpet will remain master of the situation. It has its friends and adherents in this pushful world, where the most strident voice commands the most obsequious attention; and a popular fetish, even when trespassing in the world of art, dies a hard death.

HAROLD E. GORST.

THE BANE OF ANTICIPATION.

SOME sage said that "Life would be tolerable, if it were not for its amusements". Many people give most cordial assent to this dictum. No objection can justly be made to it, except that it is not true.

For it is not the amusements that are in fault. It is the obtuseness of humanity, almost admirable for its pigheaded persistence, which will discount its pleasure (and its pain) beforehand. Others' follies, narrated by a thousand historians, teach us not; their wisdom,

enunciated by a dozen (are there a dozen?) sages, teach us little, our own experience (though repeated to seventy times seven) is of so little sterling worth, that we keep on with our forecasts, making up our minds as to how the future will pan out.

That dinner for instance. Even if it was not "a dinner to ask a man to", it was probably quite as good as you would have got at home. Only, you had heard that they gave such good dinners, and had been looking forward. That dance, at which she was sure to be, is all right, only (of course, just your luck) she has the influenza. Her sisters are there, the hostess cheerfully tells you, and you think it a pity that so good-natured a woman should be such a fool. You slouch through a duty dance or two, and retire sulky, banning balls. It is not the ball, or the dinner that should bear the blame, but your own incurable trick of anticipation. Blessed is he who expecteth nothing.

A very windy diet is anticipation. Unsatisfying in itself, it destroys the digestion of such morsels as do come our way. Yet most of us eat it "by preference, and call it sweet". Carlyle's cow was wiser—

"The cow considered with herself
That whistling would na fill her."

How man came by this detestable habit of looking forward, and making up his mind as to the future course of events, is an interesting and utterly insoluble problem. Perhaps it is a survival of Eden, of the time when apples might with confidence be expected to be ripe at a certain date. Certainly, the experience of ages, the teaching of the centuries, is that nothing happens but the unexpected.

Of course, without hope, man would be miserable. Even if he carefully abstained from "amusements" his life would be intolerable. But hope should be vague. A pet parodist has said that—

"Fate is at the bottom of it all
And something, somehow, turns up in the end."

That defines the proper attitude of humanity quite closely enough. But we must anticipate every detail. We are quite sure that it will hurt us horribly to have a tooth out. We know, none better, that he is indeed a bad dentist who gives more pain than a bad tooth: yet we carry an aching grinder about to the very verge of endurance, hoping, against certainty, to escape extraction. Once the brute is out, we curse the coward fiend that kept it, murdering sleep, in our head for a fortnight. We make up our minds that our speculations are sound. "Those shares are bound to rise", so we hold on. "The brewers, sir, must have hops", so, though our mouths water, we decline tempting prices. Scrambling out of a falling market, we lament the loss of the money we had not the sense to make, and vow that no more will we prognosticate a rise. Nor do we, till we get another opportunity.

We should not object so strongly to anticipation, if it were not cried up by some as a pleasure. Just as we should have no complaint against—say—The Times Book Club, if it did not proclaim itself as a boon and a blessing to men. Our humble faith is that things are about as broad as they are long. That if long-looked-for pleasure always turns to dust and ashes, long-looked-for pain is never half as bad as we feared. That, accordingly, anticipation is futile.

Therefore do we find life tolerable, in spite of its amusements. A friend of ours, an excellent and generally orthodox person, has, like some others, his pet crotchet. He declines, on principle, to say in the words of his Church, that "the burden of his sins is intolerable", and proclaims with some gusto that "the burden of his sins is deplorable". Let us say then, with him, that life is deplorable. Perhaps it is in spots. That is the sort of general statement, as to the truth or falsehood of which, we should be loth to give an opinion. Intolerable it certainly is not. A good many people bear it, even on this little world. We think, however, that it would not be even deplorable, that it might be quite joyous, if we could get rid of our idiot belief that we can foresee and plan what we shall do next month or next year. We hope to do, we expect to suffer. One thing only we know, that we shall do and suffer the unexpected. For those who discount the future, and arrange how things are

"going to go" always have been, always will be, disappointed. If a man set his heart on a goose, the universal provider invariably sends him a brace of ducks. Duck is by many preferred to goose. But that is not the point. He never gets what he orders. Therefore, why order?

SOME MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

III. COTTAGE GARDENS.

A SPECIAL beauty of rural England is the cottage garden. It excites the admiration of the Continental and the envy of the American. Forests have been disforested and chases unparked, but the cottage garden remains a genuine relic of the merry England of fancy and the ballads. It is seen in perfection when you come on some model village which has grown up under the shadow of the noble family or the large-acred and long-descended squire. The cottages may not invariably be sanitary according to modern notions, but they are always picturesque and generally comfortable. The tenants are happy for they know that in time of trouble they have only to address themselves to the Castle or the Hall. It is understood that they are to keep their gardens beautiful; they have only to apply to the gardener at the great house for seeds or roots, and every householder takes a pride in his flowers, which is stimulated by rivalry at the cottage flower-shows. Sometimes it may be carried to discreditable lengths, and I know a case where a man was caught out and sent to Coventry, for stealing earth from the churchyard to force his prize tulips. The men may occasionally go to the Hall for roots, but for the most part these gardens are just as they were under the Tudors and the Stewarts. For it is noteworthy that every English king took an interest in gardening from Henry VIII. to George III. You may see a sample of the old cottage garden where it ought to be found—at that familiar place of pilgrimage, Anne Hathaway's house at Shottery. The old-fashioned flowers seem just as they must have been when wild Will Shakespeare went a-wooing to his elderly wife. You come on the bright cottage garden immediately on crossing the border. Those at Ford between Tweed and the Cheviots, facing Flodden Field, were built and embellished by Lady Waterford when she made her home there. They are a foretaste of the many dreams of beauty that await you from Tyne and Tees to the farthest South. But, in the way of digression, I am reminded of another Northumbrian garden of very different aspect. Ford is screened by the hills and the broomy braes, but there is no sort of shelter at Alnmouth, where I passed part of two springs in a brick-built ramshackle mansion, beaten by the North Sea breezes and saturated by the North Sea fets. The grey outlook to Coquet Isle, where the cell of the good saint in "Marmion" had been replaced by a glistening lighthouse, gave a rare zest to auriculas and sea-pinks and other sea-loving plants that glorified the terrace of shingle commanding the estuary of the Alne. Sitting in the sheltered arbour and breathing the fragrance of gorse and broom, you had an unholy satisfaction in watching screw steamers laden to the waterline, pitching and rolling on the heavy ground swell.

Perhaps those cottage gardens are at their best in the flush of the spring, when the crocus, the snow-drop, the violet and the daffodil are out. The yellow daffodil, associated with rooks, rookeries and—it must be added—with nipping March winds is a special friend of mine as it was of Shakespeare and Wordsworth. Who does not know Wordsworth's

"Host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

And Perdita in the "Winter's Tale", in a still more exquisite passage, links the daffodil with the violet.

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March into beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

In May these are followed by the golden ranunculus,

and the cottages are hid in the bloom of lilac and laburnum and of the pink and white thorns: in June, "the month of roses", the narrow walks are littered with the fall of rose petals. Then in July there is another and a still more brilliant transition when we reconsider our opinions as to the supremacy of spring. All our sweet-smelling favourites are in full bloom, the pinks, the carnations, the sweet peas, and the perennial stocks and wallflowers. But there are others which are half plants of the woods and fields, transplanted originally perhaps for their value to the herbalist, which flourish in many of these cottage gardens. There is the foxglove which grows everywhere, shifting itself with the drift of the seeds from one location to another. And there is the blue monk's hood, often tall as a man's head, and the shy evening primrose that unfolds itself with the twilight. It is hard to say which of the English counties has the most enchanting garden scenes. There is many a delightfully secluded nook among the deep lanes of Devon, and in bleak Cornwall, among the crumbling chimneys of long-abandoned mines, there is a glorious growth of roses and hydrangias around cottages hidden in the hollows. In mid-Kent there is as romantic scenery as any on the Scottish border, where the little rill is murmuring under cover in the depths of the wooded ravine, and there you come on cottages basking upon sunny southern ledges with their tiny hanging gardens attractive as any in the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar. But on the whole I should give the palm to Hampshire, where the bulging thatch roofs dwarf the side walls and where the vine and figtree of Eastern climes interlace themselves with the clusters of clematis and roses.

Gardening, as I said, came into fashion under Henry VIII., and there is a wealth of quaint old literature on the subject. Gardens of grand formality were multiplied at Nonsuch, Theobalds, Hampton Court, Hatfield, and scores of other great country seats. Tastes have changed since then, though we have rather reverted to the ancient style, since the passing of "Capability" Brown and his school of destructives. But as at the cottage, the formal Tudor garden is still to be seen by many a back-of-the-world Elizabethan manor-house, where it has been jealously preserved as the pride of its possessors. It is the visible symbol of their standing in the county and ancient descent. There are the pleached alleys, the tall hedges sculptured into quaint devices, and the grey stonework of the fountains and artificial cascades, with the vases and the weather-worn statues of a time when we were borrowing ideas from France and Italy. The sundial is invariably a conspicuous object, at a sunny crossing of the paths, with Eheu fugaces, or some such half-effaced inscription on the pedestal.

When travel was leisurely and ground rents were low, there was always ample space for the garden of the "Chequers" or the "Black Lion". It supplied the inn with vegetables and the guests with nose-gays. On pedestrian tours I have smoked many a pipe in the arbours of these flowery wildernesses. In the posting houses on the great roads these pleasaunces were always kept up with some care, so that travellers might be tempted to prolong their stay. You entered under the echoing archway, where the flints or cobbles had resisted the tread of many a generation of hackneys and post-horses. Beyond the stable yard was the smooth bowling-green, shaded by the mulberries or medlars which came in handy for dessert, or the spreading branches of the sweet-scented walnut, invaluable for pickles. They were as much a speciality of the venerable establishment as the sign of the "Crown" or the "Mitre" swinging over the great horse-troughs. For one at Sevenoaks I had a special affection, before Sevenoaks became suburban and a centre of villadom and jerrybuilding. Many a week-end I have passed there, before the week-end became a fashionable institution: the cook, by the way, was a cordon bleu, and from the untrained luxuriance of its leafy labyrinths it was a pleasant stroll to the beautifully kept gardens of Knole, with their courts in keeping with the inner courts of the grand old feudal mansion. The scent of the court of the lavender is in my nostrils at this moment.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

BRIDGE: THE FORMATION OF THE TABLE.

SEVERAL questions as to the interpretation of Law 17, which deals with "the formation of the table", came before the Committee of the Portland Club at their last meeting. Law 17 reads, "If there are more than four candidates, the players are selected by cutting, those first in the room having the preference".

The questions propounded were—

1. A player A is waiting in the card-room, six other players enter, having arranged to form a table among themselves, is A entitled to cut in and has he any preference? Answer: A has a preferential right to belong to the table, but not necessarily to play in the first rubber. The six players who entered the room afterwards must cut amongst themselves, and the one cutting the highest card is out of the table altogether. The six remaining players, that is A and the five others who cut the lowest cards, form the table and must cut again to decide who is to play in the first rubber.

2. Two players, A and B, are waiting in the card-room when four other players enter, have A and B a right to play in the first rubber? Answer: No, they must all cut.

3. Three players A B and C are waiting, and four others enter the room, have A B and C any preferential rights? Answer: Yes, they have a right to belong to the first table, the other players must cut to decide which three of them shall belong to and complete that table, and the six thus selected cut again for the right to play in the first rubber, the lowest four having the right and cutting once more for partners. This is really the same case as No. 1, but in a somewhat different form.

The whole point is that the expression in Law 17 "those first in the room having the preference" refers to a preferential right to belong to the first table, not to a right to play in the first rubber.

4. Five players belong to a table, four playing and one sitting out, when another player enters, declares in to that table and then leaves the room. Another player comes in, and not knowing that the table is already complete with six players, also declares in. Before the completion of the rubber the player who first declared in returns and claims to play in the next rubber. Question: Which of the two is entitled to play? Answer: The player who first declared in, notwithstanding that he had subsequently left the room. This is an old question which has been decided before. When a player once belongs to a table, either by having already played, or by having declared himself in, the fact of his having subsequently left the room or even left the club does not forfeit his right to belong to the table, provided that he returns in time to cut for the next rubber.

These laws as to "the formation of the table" were adopted verbatim from the old whist code and they have not been altered in any respect. They are perfectly well known and understood in all London card-rooms and they have always worked quite smoothly. The decisions of the committee, as we have given them, are in accordance with the strict letter of the law, but in most of the leading London clubs the strict letter of the law is not enforced on this particular point, the custom rather is that, when more than six players are in the card-room, prepared to make up a rubber, there is a general cut among them all, the four cutting the lowest cards playing in the first rubber, and the two who cut the next lowest cards belonging to and completing the table. The whole question is rather one of custom at the individual club at which it occurs than of a strict interpretation of the laws of bridge. Every club has its own established custom in such matters, and, as a general rule, all the members cheerfully abide by such custom, although occasionally a cantankerous person is found who makes difficulties where none really exist.

It is an unwritten item of club law that any member of a club is entitled to cut into any rubber, played in the public card-room, if the table is not already complete with six players, even though none of the players at the table is personally known to him. When a stranger is sitting out looking on at the game, it is

usual to ask him, on the completion of the rubber, whether he wishes to cut in. If this act of courtesy is not extended to him, and he wishes to play, he should say "I should like to cut in if you have no objection", and he will find, in nine cases out of ten, that he is cordially welcomed.

There are some clubs at which the points played for vary considerably at different tables. In this case a player, before he cuts in, ought to make sure that the points are not higher than he wishes to play. It is a very boorish proceeding to cut into a table, and then to insist on playing for lower points than the others have been playing for. The only result of such a proceeding will be to cause considerable dissatisfaction, and, probably, to break up the table.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL'S CLAIMED DESCENT FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., 5 January, 1907.

SIR,—On yesterday I received from a friend in England a copy of the "Standard" of 20 December, containing a report of some of the speeches delivered at a luncheon given on 19 December at the Savoy Hotel by Mr. Charles W. Kohlsaat, "Commissioner-General of the Jamestown (Virginia) Exposition, 1907", on which occasion "Major-General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, was the chief guest".

In this report we are told that "Captain John Smith, to whom is ascribed the honour of founding the American Republic, exactly 300 years ago, was a direct ancestor of the Inspector-General of Cavalry" and that "General Baden-Powell, in responding to the toast of his health, said that although the English press had tried to deprive him of his ancestry, in this respect the College of Heralds bore him out, and he was firmly of opinion that John Smith was the grandfather of his father's grandfather. However, if anyone wished to claim John Smith as an ancestor he was willing to dispose of him as such, provided the claimant was prepared to make as good use of him as he (the general) had done; that was, to use him as a model and example for all that was best in honesty, pluck, perseverance and enterprise. (Cheers.)" I need not say that I have not the remotest doubt that such a gallant gentleman and brilliant soldier as General Baden-Powell is "firmly of opinion" that he is, in very truth, a direct descendant of the doughty captain, and I, for one, wish with all my heart that his claim were true.

To me as an old soldier, John Smith at one end of the line and Baden-Powell at the other, would be a kindling thing to think upon, and we Virginians, descendants of the men "who rode with Smith around the land and Raleigh round the seas", would be proud, indeed, to hail "the hero of Mafeking" as of the very blood of Virginia's greatest "President".

Alas! in the truth of "cold facts", we cannot honestly do so.

I know not of any efforts on the part of the "English press" "to deprive him of his ancestry" and in consequence, am quite unbiassed by anything that may have been written on your side the water touching his claim.

The first intimation I had of any claim of direct descent from Captain John Smith worthy of notice is contained in the following letter, which appeared, with the quoted prefatory words, in the Richmond (Virginia) "Times-Despatch" of 25 February, 1906:—

"Governor Swanson on yesterday received the following letter from Judge Charles Mayer, in which he tenders to the State of Virginia a bronze bust of the great John Smith, composed by Major-General Baden-Powell of the English army, the hero of Mafeking, a lineal descendant of the founder of Jamestown:—

"Richmond, Virginia, February 24, 1906.

"To His Excellency the Governor of Virginia.

"My dear Governor,—As the son of a Virginian, it is a source of gratification to me that I am enabled through the generosity of its distinguished creator, to offer to Virginia, the mother of heroes and states-

men, a bust of John Smith, 'sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England'. . . .

"I realise that your historic and beautiful capitol is the only place for this treasure, and that its ownership should be vested in Virginia, the greatest monument to this old warrior's name. The gift becomes doubly appropriate when we remember that the blood of this old Virginian hero, whose fame it commemorates, runs in direct lineal descent in the veins of 'B.-P.', the hero of Mafeking.

"Trusting that it may be your pleasure and that of the State of Virginia to accept, I remain, with assurances of highest esteem,

Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES MAYER."

(The original of this letter is now before me.)

In this same issue of the "Times-Despatch" may be found a long "interview" accorded "reluctantly" by "Judge" Mayer to the reporter, in which he tells the irrepressible "interviewer" that he is "an intimate friend of General Baden-Powell"—that he was greatly impressed by this bust of John Smith, when he had the honour of being invited to a "private view" of it in General Baden-Powell's London studio, on which occasion "several members of the Royal Family" were present, that he urged his friend to present it to the State of Virginia, and that, finally, General Baden-Powell, when he sailed for South Africa in 1905, generously gave the bust to "Judge" Mayer, "making no suggestion as to the disposal of it".

The reporter added, apparently with authority, that a letter from General Baden-Powell to "Judge" Mayer touching the matter would shortly be sent to the Governor. As a matter of fact, such a letter was sent, and reads as follows:

"32 Prince's Gate, London, S.W., 22 Dec., '05.

"My dear Judge,—Before we part to-morrow, you to America and I to South Africa, I send for your acceptance the bust which I made of your co-distinguished Virginian, Captain John Smith.

"I have always taken a special interest in him, partly on account of his character and actions, but more particularly because he was my ancestor.

"I have several portraits of him as well as biographies, and it was from these and from his character that I composed the bust.

"I hope that it may be acceptable as being under the circumstances a sufficiently reliable presentment of your first Governor of Virginia.

"With best wishes, yours very truly,

"R. S. BADEN-POWELL.

"P.S.—As regards my connexion with Capt. John Smith—it seems, as far as can be ascertained, that he married while in America; and his grandson Benjamin Smith (or Smyth) lived in New Jersey (Sussex), and died in 1769.

"Benjamin's son, Joseph, came to England as a Loyalist; married, and was father of my grandfather, Admiral W. H. Smyth, whose daughter was my mother. This branch of the Smyth family are entitled, at the Heralds' College, to bear the arms of John Smith—viz.: The three Turks' Heads, etc."

(The above is a verbatim copy of the original letter now in possession of the Governor.)

That General Baden-Powell should not know that John Smith was not "the first Governor of Virginia" (nor the first "President", which was the correct title) did not greatly surprise me, but it was a distinct shock to an humble student of Virginian history to learn that the stout old soldier, who died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, had a grandson "Benjamin Smith" (or Smyth), living in (of all places on earth!) "New Jersey" one hundred and sixty years after his grandfather had sailed away for ever from Virginia! But, though those of us, who had long been students of Virginian colonial history, knew that 'twas as sure as anything can be sure, that John Smith was never married and, consequently, could be no lineal ancestor of General Baden-Powell, to disallow publicly a claim of descent is in any case an ungracious office, rendered doubly so in this case by the fact that, as an old soldier of Lee's army, I had, as I still have, the greatest admiration for the constancy and courage of "the hero of Mafeking".

It was only when it became known to me that, in the

formal vote of thanks that was to be offered in the Virginian Legislature on accepting the bust, mention was to be made of General Baden-Powell's being "a lineal descendant of John Smith", that I felt impelled, as President of the "Virginia Historical Society", to intervene and protest against such official recognition of a claim that had no solid foundation. I need hardly add that my protest was heeded, and that the claim was ignored in the official resolutions accepting "Judge" Mayer's gift passed by the "General Assembly" of Virginia. The question is almost too plain for discussion. Smith was in the colony less than two years and a half—was easily the foremost figure in it, and we can account for well-nigh every action of his during that time. He had the bitterest of enemies, as he had the staunchest of friends, and between the narratives of the two we can follow him almost day by day in his splendid fight to save the great enterprise in the face of appalling difficulties and dangers without and cowardly treachery within. Had he ever married, we should have surely known of it from the narratives of Lookill and Bagnall, or Masters Pots and Phettiplace. No man, as I have said, had bitterer enemies, and had he sailed away after marriage, abandoning wife and child, we should just as surely have heard of it from Wingfield or Master Archer.

Indeed, after Smith, owing to his dreadful accident, sailed for England, the chief of all the stories trumped up against him was that he "designed to marry Pocahontas and make himself King of Virginia".

The latest life of Smith—a small volume in the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillans)—is that by Mr. A. G. Bradley, who has evidently made a careful study of the printed records, and gives, in brief compass, a very interesting account of Smith's activities and schemes for colonisation after he left Virginia, and of his last days. "Smith", he says (p. 222) "seems to have had no settled home after his return to England . . . It seems probable, however, that he made London his headquarters, and, *lonely bachelor as he was*, stayed a good deal in the houses of his friends". But it is the wills of George Smith, the father, and of John Smith himself, that seem to me to settle the matter definitively, and that render it difficult for one to understand how General Baden-Powell can advance any claim whatever to be descended from our John Smith, though I do not doubt that he is, as most of us are, closely kin to some "John Smith" of more or less repute.

George Smith, father of John Smith, in his will made "the thirtieth day of Marche a thousande five hundredth ninety six", after bequests to Lincoln Minster, the poor of Willoughbie, and to "ye Right Honorable my Lord Willoughbie", devises:—

"Item, I geve and bequeathe unto Alice my Wyfe ye ferme which I now dwell in which I houlde by coppie of Court rowle as ye grant of ye Right Honorable my foresaide good Lorde duringe her widdow hooode according to ye custome of his Lordshippe manner of Willoughbie; and if it shall please God that my saide Wyfe doe marry agayne and take a second husband, then my will is that my saide ferme shall come to John Smyth, my eldest sonne, whome I chardge & command to honoure and love my foresaide good Lord Willoughbie duringe his lyfe." (Then follow bequests to his wife of "tenne pounds of good & lawfull currant money of England", bedstead and feather bed, sheets, blankets, & "a bowlster with pillow & pillowe beere"). . . . "Item, I geve to Alice Smyth my daughter tenn pounds of good & lawfull currant monie of England." (Then are added bequests to this daughter of bedstead and feather bed, sheets, blankets, etc.) "Item, I give to the saide Alice my daughter halfe of all my pewter and brasse. And if ye saide Alice my daughter doe dye before ye age of eightene yeares, I will that all her parte and porcion as well of money as of other things be equally devided betweene myne executors. . . . Item, I give to John Smyth mine eldest sonne and to ye heires of his bodie lawfully begotten seaven acres of pasture lyenge within ye territoire of Charleton Magna. Item, I geve to Frauncis Smyth my younger sonne & to ye heires of his bodie lawfully begotten my two tenements and one little Close in a certeyn streete in Lowthe called Westgate. And if ye saide Frauncis dye without issue of his bodie lawfully begotten I will that ye saide tenements and close remaine

to my said sonne John Smyth & his issue of his bodie lawfully begotten. All ye rest of my goods nott yett given nor bequeathed as well moveable as unmoveable; my debts paied and my bodie honestly brought to ye grounde I will shall equally be devided betwixt my saide two sonnes John Smyth & Frauncis Smyth whome I make the coexecutors of this my last Will & Testament, etc."

So much for George Smith and his will.

That his son, "Frauncis", died "without issue of his bodie lawfully begotten" seems certain, from the will of John Smith, made "the one & twentieth daie of June in the seaventh yeare of the reigne of our sovereigne lord Charles by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, & Ireland, Defender of the faith &c." for we find in that will (*Somerset House, Will Office, Prerog. Cl., St. John 89*) that he leaves the tenements etc. in Lowthe that were to revert to him in case Francis left no lawful issue, to his friend, Thomas Packer.

The will reads: "First I give and bequeath unto Thomas Packer esquior one of the Clerkes of His Majesties Privy Seale & to his heires for ever, all my houses landes tenements and hereditamentes whatsoever situate lyenge and being in the parishes of Lowthe and greate Carleton in the countie of Lincoln *together with my Coate of Armes*. . . . Item, to my sister Smith the widowe of my brother the some of tenn poundes. Item, to my cousin Steven Smith & his sister the somme (of) six poundes thirteene shillings and fower pence between them."

In this will, John Smith leaves legacies of money, wearing apparel, books, &c., to Sir Samuel Saltonstall (with whom he lived much of the time, and in whose house he almost certainly died), to Mistress Tredway, to Thomas Packer's wife Joan and "Eleanour his Daughter", to "Master Reynoldes the Saymaster [Assay Master] of Gouldsmith Hall", and to others, but there is never a word of any wife, son, daughter, nephew or niece.

To sum up: John Smith never married and his brother Francis almost as certainly left no lawful issue. Whether his sister Alice "died before ye age of eightene yeares", I know not, but the strong presumption is that she was not alive and had left no issue when Smith made his will in 1631, for it is not credible that he should have left his property to sister-in-law, cousins and friends and passed over his own sister and her children.

Still more incredible is it that a man of John Smith's character ("the ancestor" whom General Baden-Powell in his recent speech tells us "was as a model and example of all that is best in honesty") should seek to divert from his own child or children and to give to divers friends of his the property which his father, George Smith, had explicitly bequeathed to him and to "ye heires of his body lawfully begotten". Indeed, John Smith could not have done this, even had he been so minded, unless what is known in law as "a common recovery" had been "suffered", by which the entail might be broken, and of this there is not the slightest trace in the records.

It would be interesting to know on what grounds General Baden-Powell's "branch of the Smyth family are entitled at the Heralds' College to bear the arms of John Smith", as the General asserts in the P.S. to his letter addressed to "Judge" Mayer, seeing that John Smith himself in his will rather emphasises the fact that he left no lineal descendant by bequeathing to his friend "Thomas Packer Esquiore" and "to his heires for ever, all my houses landes tenementes and hereditamentes whatsoever situate lyenge and being in the Countie of Lincolne *together with my Coate of Armes*". As we say in "the American language", "it is up to" the Heralds' College to explain, since General Baden-Powell's right to bear these arms (a right sanctioned by the Heralds' College according to his explicit statement) has been flatly denied. If the Heralds' College "bears him out" in his assumption of John Smith's arms, as he declares (and I do not for a moment doubt his statement), and if the province of the "Heralds" be in chief measure the tracing and preservation of genealogies, surely some of these learned officials might be willing to state the grounds of their official sanction. As to when this claim of direct

descent from John Smith was first put forward in print I can find little or nothing, but some of your readers may be more fortunate.

The first mention of it that I recall is in a pleasant little volume entitled "A Year with the Turks", by Warrington Wilkinson Smyth, published in 1854. In this volume of travel the author (who was, I take it, brother of General Baden-Powell's mother) says: "On the upper waters of the Alt, near the celebrated Rothen Thurm (or Red Tower) several severe engagements ushered in the seventeenth century. It was at this time that the wave of Mohammedan conquest rolled on and broke over Hungary, Transylvania, and Wallachia". . . . After describing the varying fortunes of the Hungarian and Turkish forces, he continues: "But at length between the river and the heights of the Rothen Thurm range, the Christian army was attacked with impetuosity by a far greater number, composed principally of Tartars, and was entirely cut to pieces. In this catastrophe, several English officers serving with the Hungarian army were slain; and an ancestor of the author's, who was left for dead on the field, after describing this 'dismal battell', gives their names and observes that 'they did what men could do, and when they could do no more, left there their bodies in testimony of their mind.'"

The words italicised above are, of course, merely indicative of the belief of an honourable gentleman, and, beyond that, are worthy of no consideration.

In the article on Admiral W. H. Smyth, General Baden-Powell's grandfather, contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Professor J. K. Laughton, the cautious statement is made that Admiral Smyth "was the only son of Joseph Brewen Palmer Smyth, who claimed descent from Captain John Smith &c."

I need not say that my only interest in this matter is that of a student of colonial history. It is with a very real regret that I have set down the proof, for it amounts to that, that General Baden-Powell's claim of lineal descent from John Smith is without foundation. But truth is truth, and, as old "Bardo" says in "Romola", "Accuracy is the soul of scholarship". The same is true of genealogy and to keep the record free of error is imperative in the case of really great men. As one of the commissioners of the "Jamestown Exposition", I join heartily with my colleagues in the hope that General Baden-Powell will honour us with his presence this year on the occasion of our tercentennial celebration, when we can promise him a hearty welcome befitting in a measure the brilliant "hero of Mafeking", who, even if not descended from the doughty Captain, belongs to the same fierce breed of daring fighters.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

THE QUEEN OF GIRLS' BOOK MAKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 Thurlow Hill, Dulwich, S.E.

SIR,—We the undersigned write to defend Mrs. L. T. Meade from the attack she has lately had in your REVIEW, as girls who have read many of her books, and find great delight in them. We cannot for a moment think that Mrs. L. T. Meade tried to "revise the Bible" in those beautiful tales, "Stories from the Old, Old Bible", which many of us think one of her most beautiful books.

Several of us have read those books which have been so wrongly criticised. "Turquoise and Ruby" has surely not been read by the critic, because his description of it is not the story we know.

We her girl-friends will not stop reading her books, the writer of the most thrilling stories, the stories which we all love.

Faithfully yours,

JESSIE HAWKES-SMITH	IVY HARLEY
MINA FUCHSALGE	MARIA AMOS
MARJORY CORBY	SHIELA MUMFORD
LILIAN SAUNDERS	LILY FUCHSALGE.
ELSIE ABBOTT	

[The Dulwich High School for Girls should try to set at least a tolerably high standard of reading. It has however to contend with the difficulty that in Dulwich Mrs. Meade is a local celebrity, a thing loved of the suburban mind.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

A SCHOLAR ON SPAIN.

"Modern Spain." By H. Butler Clarke. With a Memoir by W. H. Hutton. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1906. 7s. 6d.

A BOOK which was followed almost directly by the death of the author by his own hand, disarms criticism. One forgets that under an identical title it challenges the work (on the same period) of the skilled historian Major Hume. It would be hardly fair indeed to contrast the two books. One is the work of a foreigner who shows in every page of this book that the only portion of Spain with which he is really familiar is the Basque Provinces. The other, written by a man born and educated in Madrid, necessarily is both more sympathetic with Spain and the Spaniards, and goes deeper below the surface, and is not led to take mere symptoms for diseases. The other essential differences are that Major Hume's "Modern Spain" is written from a liberal and Mr. Butler Clarke's from an opportunist point of view, and that whilst the former all through shows the writer to be interested in Spanish art, from the artist's point of view, the latter contains the unfortunate statement (on page 10) that "their works [i.e. those of Ramón de la Cruz and Goya] . . . are as good as their theme admits". This, of the exquisitely written plays of the former, and the gigantic, almost Titanic, genius of the latter. The phrase itself shows an absolute want of comprehension of the real scope of art, and is as much as to say that the art which created Hamlet is superior to the art which created Falstaff, on account of the differences in moral character of the two types. Both Major Hume's "Modern Spain" and Mr. Butler Clarke's "Modern Spain" are excellent in their several ways. The former in the spirit of the man of the world who has lived in the world, and suffered by the world, has the excellences of a wild plant grown in the free air of the country. The second, accurate and painstaking, is a plant nurtured in the shielded atmosphere of the university, in which a sort of unnatural delicacy, incident perhaps to the life of the place, gives works upon ultra-university subjects a feeling as if they had been conceived in an aeroplane, from which the writer could see the actions, though he was beyond earshot of the criticisms of ordinary humanity. Still it is evident that Mr. Butler Clarke knew Spain and the Spaniards, and was conversant with the history of the period of which he writes. No one can help his natural sympathies, and it is a good thing that he is unable to do so, for if he could, books would be even more uninteresting than they are at present. Thus when one sees the writer ceaselessly jibe at the advanced party in Spain, under the style of "so-called patriots", "self-styled saviours of their country" and so forth, one only thanks heaven for his honest individuality, for nothing (except tyranny) is more nauseous than toleration to any man who has a proper proportion of iron in his blood.

The book is remarkable for a most interesting and careful account of the various Carlist risings during the period of which he writes. No one, as far as we know, who has written on the matter has so minute a knowledge of the country in which the struggle took place. This probably he acquired during his frequent visits to S. Jean de Luz, and in the course of his residence there in his later years. It is possible from his lucid and well-written account to understand what really took place, which in most accounts of the events is no easy matter. He seems to us to judge the second Don Carlos more favourably than is his due, both as a general and as a man, for it is notorious that he was incapable as an officer, and basely selfish and cowardly (never exposing himself to the smallest danger) in the former capacity.

As the work is carried out in the most simple and unpretentious manner, it is difficult to say more of the style than that it is clear; but the extreme shortness of the sentences gives it a kind of telegraphic air, which perhaps was intended by the author, in his striving for lucidity, or perhaps was the natural way in

which his mind worked. It is pre-eminently the work of a scholar and of a gentleman, a rare thing nowadays, when scholarship, at least in regard to the English language, is almost obsolete, and when gentility is a mere matter of a sufficient balance at one's bankers. With a most unmodern spirit the writer never rejoices in the "accomplished fact" (to use a Gallicism, difficult to express in any other form), but when success has been arrived at through meanness and treachery, always has a hard word for the successful traitor.

This of itself stamps him as the possessor of an unusual mind, for it is hard to stand out against a contemporary turn of thought, and no maxim seems more firmly established, in modern England, than that "the end justifies the means". The saying no doubt is moral enough commercially, but becomes revolting in its cynicism taken in conjunction with assumption of superior virtue. The diagnosis of the national character is complete enough if applied to the Basque Provinces; but the statement that "most thinking Spaniards are Carlists in certain moods at certain ages", is either experience gained amongst Royalist (sic) exiles in S. Jean de Luz and Biarritz, or is to be put down to the sense of disgust felt by Spaniards in common with other believers in progress, when they are annoyed with the folly and vulgarity so often manifested by reformers. Even Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly in this "pawky" notes (we know of no adjective that better expresses them) appears to share the same opinion, for he remarks that "Carlism seems dead but in politics, especially Spanish politics, a prophet tempts Providence." This, of course, is not unlikely the case, for Providence must often feel annoyed at rash guesses about matters on which absolute information is not in the possession of the guesser. Carlism does seem dead in Spain, but for all we know it may be the standard with which all the elements of reaction will rally in the ultimate fight with the revolutionary forces which are becoming daily more apparent throughout Spain.

The weakest part of the book appears to be the last pages, in which the author deals with the loss of the colonies in the war with the United States. Either through lack of knowledge or predilection for the personal, as opposed to the political, character of the Queen Regent, he suppresses all reference to her disastrous policy. By that policy no doubt the throne was saved to her son, but it is a moot point, whether in questions of statecraft, a mere personal feeling, even so strong a feeling as that of maternity itself, should be allowed to outweigh the interests of the nation over which the august mother was called to preside.

The last words of the two writers of the two "Modern Spains" are wonderfully alike, so alike that they serve to show that the conclusions of honest men, even when they start from points far separated from one another, are not infrequently identical.

Both look to the purification of administration and a limitation of the powers of the Church as essential to Spain's well-being. Both look to a reduction of the national debt, as the first step to setting free capital for productive industry. Lastly both express hope in the future prosperity of the country; but Major Hume expresses no doubts as to the ability of the Spaniards for self-government, whereas Mr. Butler Clarke fears a possible recrudescence of theocracy or a fall into the slough of communism, thus showing even in their last words the difference of their early training.

THE HISTORY OF THE ARMY.

"A History of the British Army." By J. W. Fortescue. Vol. IV. 1789-1801. London: Macmillan. 1906. 42s. net.

THE latest instalment of Mr. Fortescue's great work will excite as much interest and respect as did this careful and indefatigable historian's previous volumes. In the preface Mr. Fortescue alludes to some remarks we made when reviewing another portion of his history. We were then inclined to regret that he had devoted so much space to the narrative of the various campaigns in which our army has taken

part—already well known and often told—instead of devoting attention to the interesting and valuable lessons to be learnt from the constitutional development of the army and the never-ending changes and returns to previous methods which have been the distinguishing features of British military policy to this very day. Mr. Fortescue's answer is that it is impossible to enter into the history of the changes and so-called reforms which took place during the period under discussion without entering into the history of the various campaigns in considerable detail; and that even a perfect organisation and a brilliant commander in the field are not with us sufficient to secure success in war. For in our case the handling of an army in the field lies mainly with the Cabinet: and as war is the ultimate and only real test of military efficiency, a detailed history of campaigns is consequently imperative. Moreover few of the numerous and perplexing small campaigns which were a distinguishing feature of this period (1789-1801) are widely known; and it was at least worth while to recall these. All this gives food for much reflection; and certainly to the period now under review much of what we formerly said does not apply, since the military history of those years is not so well known as that dealt with in the earlier volumes. On the whole, however, we must still maintain that constitutional history should have been placed in the foreground and the history of campaigns in the background, which in Mr. Fortescue's book is not the case; though this criticism is qualified by the admirable lucidity with which the author has handled the complicated materials at his disposal and marshalled his facts. The mass of the material may be inferred from Mr. Fortescue's only reaching the Peace of Amiens in four and a half volumes, though he intended to complete his history up to 1870 in four. For unwillingness to break into a fifth volume has suggested the expedient of issuing a second and smaller continuation of Vol. IV. and an additional small volume for maps. We are inclined to think that this plan is a mistake. It would have been simpler, and on the whole more satisfactory, to launch out boldly into a fifth volume to bring the history up to 1801.

The period dealt with is momentous, a bewildering series of operations in the West Indies and on the Continent of Europe. But consistently with our contentions we prefer to dwell in the course of this review more particularly on the constitutional development of the army during this period than upon its doings in the field. The period was one of great and important changes, and the decade of 1793 to 1803 was—as the author claims—"more fruitful in reform than any other equal term of years in the history of the army". In 1793 there was no Commander-in-Chief and no Secretary of State for War, with the result that orders to the army were communicated by the Secretary at War, who practically was Commander-in-Chief at this time, but who was not a Secretary of State and not usually in the Cabinet. It was, too, largely a political business, with the result that political rather than military qualifications were looked upon as requisites for high command. In this year, however, Lord Amherst was appointed General on the Staff to perform the duties of Commander-in-Chief, a post to which he had previously been appointed in 1778; whilst in the following year a Secretary of State for War was created, although a few years later the Colonies were also placed under his charge, and as a dual Secretary of State he was established at the Colonial Office. This idea of Pitt's seems excellent; for the conduct of war was thus placed in the hands of one minister, instead of as formerly in the hands of several. But as a matter of practice the new departure did not work well. The Secretary at War still existed as a fifth wheel in the coach, although he was by no means inclined to consider himself as such; hence the dual system arose which lasted in practice till 1870. Moreover, when the Coalition Ministry of 1794 was formed, the Secretary at War represented one party, the Secretary of State for War, Dundas, represented another, whilst the Under Secretary was more or less a free lance. The result was, of course, failure, especially when one

considers that expert opinion was almost completely ignored. The real fault was that no clear definition of the respective duties of the various officials had been laid down; so that a collision between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary at War was merely a question of time; and no doubt in a future volume Mr. Fortescue will tell us the story of the controversy between Sir David Dundas and Lord Palmerston in 1810.

In 1795 the Duke of York became Commander-in-Chief, and did the army as much good as he was allowed. But his position was to a large extent anomalous and undefined. By an Act of 1783 the Secretary at War was responsible to Parliament for all expenditure, and the Commander-in-Chief was really unable to move a corporal's guard from one place to another on his own responsibility. But even with these restrictions the Commander-in-Chief's power began to grow, although the long struggle for supremacy between the soldier and civilian was not finally settled until the Order in Council of 1895 reduced the position of the Commander-in-Chief to a nullity by depriving him of all direct responsibility as to the discipline and personnel of the army he was supposed to command. However in 1799 it was laid down that all correspondence relating to military matters passed through the Commander-in-Chief, and only that relating to financial affairs through the Secretary at War, who in effect became a kind of financial secretary to the military department. This of course increased the Duke's power, and with the best results. But perhaps the greatest amongst the many great services the Duke of York rendered the army was the restoration of discipline which, under the rule of the Secretaries at War, had been seriously impaired. A regular chain of military responsibility too was established between the Commander-in-Chief, the general officers commanding districts, and the colonels of regiments, which previously had not existed; and thus he kept touch with all ranks of the army. To the Duke too must be ascribed the germs which eventually became Sandhurst and the Staff College. Under his rule also a more rational and humane regard for the private soldier came into force. Thus in 1799 an officer was rebuked for sending in to the Horse Guards, after an action, a mere statement of the number of casualties without mentioning names. Nowadays this seems a small matter, considering the elaborate pains taken in such cases; but at least it shows what the previous system had been. The history of the army has over and over again shown the advantage of possessing a Royal Commander-in-Chief. The mere fact of the presence of such a Chief inspires confidence. He is outside all cliques, and independent of social and political influences. Lately how numerous have been the complaints of favoritism and "rings" since a Royal Chief disappeared; and how much less confidence the army now has in its rulers than it had eleven years ago. Now we have no Commander-in-Chief, Royal or otherwise, but only an Army Council which, bending and varying its views according to the whims of each new Secretary of State, has succeeded in losing the confidence of the army and of all those who have its interests at heart.

ABSOLUTE BEING.

"*Synthetica, being Meditations Epistemological and Ontological.*" By S. S. Laurie. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1906. 21s. net.

THE central theme of these Gifford Lectures is that God is the ultimate explanation of experience. The ultimate ground of all thought is "Being". Being is given in all sensation and all reflection. Being is first in the beginning; Being is in every process; Being is last as Consummation. And God is absolute unconditioned Being. But having made this statement we might seem to have said our say, for Absolute Being is in itself predicateless. All definition is limitation, and to assign predicates to the Absolute would be to determine that which is given to consciousness first and last as indeterminate. But our author assures us that this conception of the Absolute

is very far indeed from being equivalent to Nothingness, for it contains the potentialities of all predicates. Absolute Unconditioned Being is potentiality. But we may make a much more daring assertion. To say that Absolute Being is Eternal, is One, is Infinite, is Love &c., is not contradictory; for it is assigning to Absolute Being all that finite Being is not. "I thereby give utterance to all that I am *not*, but which I am so constituted as necessarily to affirm." But here the momentous inquiry rises, can we predicate self-consciousness of Absolute Being? May we not say that Absolute Being is self-conscious Spirit—Absolute Ego? The answer must be given in the author's own words. "Certainly the movement out of the attitudinal subject whereby self-consciousness is effected is the highest manifestation of infinite mind as finite: but I am not justified because of this alone in bringing God Absolute, who conditions all things, under the category of self-consciousness." However if the Absolute be not a person, it contains personality; and if it be not a self-consciousness, it contains the potentiality of self-consciousness. And yet, according to Dr. Laurie, God is an ethical God. "When it is said in popular language that God is just, good, loving, we are right in so speaking; but the philosophic mind is not satisfied to speak of these qualities as properties of God". Here is the central difficulty of speculation on the Absolute. The author maintains that philosophers have for the most part tended towards monistic Pantheism scarcely distinguishable from an infinite process in which will and purpose have no meaning, and man is no more an object of the Divine concern than the inorganic world. Self-consciousness and the knowledge therein implied are not in such systems ascribed to God at all. Or if they are, it is because personality has been introduced to save the situation rather than as yielded by the system of thought.

Nevertheless Dr. Laurie is profoundly persuaded that the conception of God as anything less than personality cannot satisfy either the heart or the reason of man. "Man demands more than such a God can give him: nay he may fitly shed a pitying tear over the Eternal Consciousness, bemoaning its restricted life and its helpless contemplation of its own inevitable and purposeless emanations". And here we should call attention to a most characteristic feature of Dr. Laurie's powerful volume—his determination to maintain where necessary both sides of an unreconciled truth. He writes without hesitation—"if facts should yield to me, seeking for truth and truth alone, a contradiction, why, then I must accept the contradiction as the last word of Thought in this my sphere of universal Being". Dr. Laurie however sees further light on the problem here. The position reached is this—Objective Being unconditioned, containing no doubt the potentiality of Personality; in Dr. Laurie's phrase, "the implicit of the explicated actual". But can we advance on this in our account of the Absolute? Our author answers yes. For the differentiations of the Finite are "determinations of Being" and not helpless effluxes. What we have before us in the Universe is God affirming Himself, purposeful self-determinings, a Will-Dialectic. Thus God certainly as related to the world is self-conscious Spirit. And yet, he adds, due regard for the Infinite requires us to exercise here the gravest caution. We may not describe God as a personality, but as Personality, and there leave the question. The Absolute can only be known to us as creative and immanent. We cannot get beyond experience, nor effect a synthesis of the Absolute. "Consequently God's personality is as like to yours as the Infinite is to the Finite." We only know God so far as we know the externalisation of God in nature and man. "Accordingly I dare not say that Personality or Ego is the highest term of Absolute Mind. But I find it on this plane; and on this plane it is very God, because it is the Form of Absolute Being as creative."

We have given here nothing more than a bare and meagre outline of the principal theme of this valuable book, omitting the entire preliminary discussion by which the general method is justified. Dr. Laurie's work, as is well known, is the matured outcome of many years of profound reflection. Its peculiar strength consists in its frank recognition of difficulties, and in

its constant endeavour to balance opposite sides of the problems suggested by Absolute Being and Personality. One of the pressing needs of modern thought is a conception of the Absolute compatible with the religious and ethical demands of human nature. And Dr. Laurie has at least contributed to this extent that he has shown the perplexities which the conception of the Absolute involves. A recent philosophical writer says: "If we are to maintain the reality both of the divine and the human self we cannot speak of God as the Absolute in the common philosophic use of the term. . . . If we use the term Absolute of God it must be in a more restricted sense." (Galloway, "Studies in the Philosophy of Religion".) This is just the problem. Readers of Martineau's "Study of Religion" will remember the admiration amid much criticism expressed by him for Dr. Laurie's earlier work. "I would accept much", he said, "on Professor Laurie's authority". His work "abounds in admirable expositions and acute criticisms". Such remarks are peculiarly applicable to the present volume. It is by no means easy reading, but it will reward a careful study.

NAPOLEON IN ADVERSITY.

"*Napoleon's Last Voyages.*" With Introduction and Notes by J. Holland Rose. London: Unwin. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

"*Napoleon, King of Elba.*" From the French of Paul Gruyer. London. 1906.

THE personality of Napoleon is as fascinating to the present generation as it has been to any since his death. And no part of his life is more fascinating than the story of his adversity. The two books before us, of very unequal value, illustrate this period of his career. The first contains the journal of his voyage to Elba, and of his slow progress to his prison-island, the other gives the history of his reign at Elba. The first volume is edited by Dr. Holland Rose, who seems to be accepted by the British public as the standard authority on everything which concerns Bonaparte. Dr. Rose will not enhance his reputation by his editing of this volume. His notes consist mainly of pen-knife digs at the hero of the narrative, and in the emphatic denial of everything asserted by Napoleon in the slightest degree favourable to himself. Dr. Rose would have done better if he had received Napoleon's utterances with due humility, and have imagined that, in matters in which he was personally concerned, Napoleon was more likely to know the truth even than Dr. Rose. The other is a masterpiece of French historical literary work. It is admirable in erudition and faultless in style, not a page palls, and it leaves a vivid picture on the mind. It is also excellently well translated. The work of Paul Gruyer will live when the "Last Voyages" is forgotten.

To place Napoleon at Elba, after the abdication of Fontainebleau, was a curious arrangement. It was probably due to the sentimentality of the Emperor Alexander. It would have been better if he had been allowed to settle in America or even in England, as he at one time desired. Castlereagh objected to the plan, although he was no party to the treaty itself. It is possible that what Napoleon said at S. Helena is true, and that he chose the island with the intention of leaving it on the first opportunity. Emperor of Elba is a contradiction in terms, and wears absurdity on its face. But if he was allowed to go there, the conditions made with him should, on every ground, have been strictly observed. This would have been the best means of keeping him quiet. The pension promised to himself and family should have been faithfully paid, and his wife and child should have been allowed, indeed encouraged, to join him. He would soon have found that the money was necessary to his comfort, his family would have felt it even more that he did, and it would not have been easy to invade France with his wife and son, and perhaps some more babies, on his hands. To act as the allies acted was the surest way to stir the lion. They wounded him in his deepest affections, they

reduced him to poverty, and they plotted to kidnap him and carry him off to the Azores.

The life of Napoleon at Elba, so well described by M. Gruyer, shows in him the same active mind, the same kindness of heart, the same dignity of character which are exhibited in the narratives of Ussher and Glover, and which even the gibes of Dr. Rose are not able to impair. The prevailing passion of Napoleon's life was that he could not bear to see anything done badly when it might be done well. His work at Elba was undertaken, not merely to satisfy the restless energy of his character, but to benefit those around him, and to develop the resources of the country placed under his charge. Roads made, streets cleaned, the beauty of the island explored, labour stimulated, industry developed, the barren waste made fertile, all this was done or attempted in the few months of his sojourn. Nor were the amenities of life forgotten. Balls and a theatre gave the astonished Elbans the notion of a brighter existence, while the family life of the Emperor set a model to their own, and the homely energy of Madame Mère and the sweet sympathy and brightness of Pauline filled up the picture. On the rock of Elba Napoleon was no gloomy misanthrope, mourning over the loss of a mighty empire, but the cheerful friend, the devoted son, the loving brother, and the good husband and father, if the tyranny of fate had allowed him to exhibit these virtues.

From this idyllic life Napoleon was suddenly called by the cry of suffering France, and by the necessity of his own security. The miraculous march to Paris fills up the gap between these two volumes. We learn nothing about the landing of a handful of men at Golfe Juan, of the encampment at Grasse, of the mule-path of Castellane, or of that wonderful scene by the lakes of Laffray, where Napoleon bared his breast to the bullets of an opposing army, and beat down by the force of invincible will the instinct of discipline and the authority of command. We hear nothing of the triumphal entry into the Tuileries, lighted, decorated, crowded for his reception. Never was a plebiscite more unanimous, never was the choice of a nation more emphatically declared.

The "last phase" is a wretched story, and effectually humiliates every Englishman. On the "Northumberland" Napoleon recovered his health and spirits. Betsy Balcombe tells us that, when he rode up to the Briars, she had never seen a finer specimen of a man. He was full of genius and energy, in the plenitude of his powers, the fittest man in the world to command an army or to administer a country, to explore a continent, to solve a scientific problem, or to write a history. In this condition he was entombed in the poisonous shanty of Longwood. The proudest man living was made daily and hourly conscious that he was a prisoner, his rank was denied him, he was cut off from his family, even his mother was refused access to him. Buried in a rat-infested hut on the edge of an extinct volcano, exposed to the moist Atlantic winds, fatal to his constitution, deprived of the activity of body and mind which were necessary to his existence, guarded by a jailor vitiated by the worst of faults, stupidity, he died a lingering and painful death. When he could scarcely crawl out of his bath, a wrecked and ruined Titan, Lord Bathurst was writing to Lowe to redouble his vigilance, for the Corsican bandit was about to escape to Europe. The shame of S. Helena will rest upon us for ever. It was only partially expiated when, some twenty years after his death, the British Governor walked bare-headed from Longwood to James Town, behind the Emperor's coffin covered with the Imperial ensigns which had been denied to him in life.

THE REVIVAL OF REYNOLDS THE TEACHER.

"*Aims and Ideals in Art.*" By George Clausen. London: Methuen. 1906. 5s. net.

THERE is something curious about the commanding position in which the last few years have reinstated Reynolds' "Discourses". As a mark of recognition of Reynolds' achievement as a painter, this is

but a sign of confusion of thought, for a great painter is not necessarily a great critic. There must be some other reason for this sudden reaction, for when we examine the substance of Reynolds' teaching we realise that it belongs to a period which has long passed away. Reynolds' pictures all bear marks of their age; but his doctrines have aged more than his pictures.

Reynolds' first "Discourse" was delivered in 1769, but the main body of his doctrine is at least a hundred years older. His critical position is practically identical with that of Boileau. As with Boileau the principle that art must imitate nature is defined and limited in a way that gives it an entirely different meaning from that which it bears to-day. The artist must follow nature, Reynolds says, only so far as he finds it rational and identical with itself in space and time, in other words only so far as it is universal. He must learn to guard himself against his own temperament and habits of thought. He must not assume that a sentiment is natural simply because he feels it. "*Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.*" The artist must reckon with the sentiments of others, and call only that natural which all men are agreed to call natural. Thus for Reynolds, as for all the classical critics, natural and reasonable became interchangeable terms.

As a critic, then, Reynolds belongs entirely to the eighteenth century, and criticism and art have certainly not stood still since his lectures were delivered. The old criticism of "rules" has given place to a more fruitful conception of the critic's function. The idea of progress, the theory of milieux, the doctrine of evolution have successively played havoc with the principles of classic and absolute criticism. Subsequent developments of philosophical doctrine and psychology have thrown new light on the conditions of the æsthetic judgment and upon the subjective conditions of the work of art—the temperament, imagination, and memory of the creative artist. The study of the Italian and Flemish Primitives, with the consequent development of pre-Raphaelite painting, has given a new importance to the value of detail. And landscape painting, which has developed from the subordinate position it occupied in Reynolds' time into an independent form of art, by giving new prominence to the phenomena of light has revolutionised and is still further modifying the practice and aims of all the older kinds of art.

To pretend that Reynolds has given a satisfactory solution of all the problems which confront the modern student would obviously be absurd. The cry "back to Reynolds", therefore, cannot mean so much that Reynolds has succeeded as that all subsequent writers in England have failed. The fragmentary and unsystematic character of the work of Hazlitt, Ruskin, Pater, Henley, and R. M. Stevenson has brought its own punishment. The most difficult task their successors have to face is the separation of the fragments of permanent value in their writings from the brilliant paradoxes and wayward fancies. Reynolds at least gives a wider and more satisfactory basis to work upon than any subsequent English writer.

We may take it, then, as a promising sign that an artist-critic like Mr. Clausen—one so thoroughly in sympathy with modern movements in art—should praise Reynolds' writing so highly and refer to it with such enthusiasm. Yet a careful study of the eight lectures delivered to the students of the Royal Academy in 1905-1906, and now published by Messrs. Methuen under the title of "Aims and Ideals in Art", suggests that he has hardly mastered Reynolds' critical position. His method is simply to juxtapose the old and new in happy oblivion of their mutual exclusions. He has the artist's lucky knack of seeing only what he wants to see, and the practical man's gift of holding contradictory opinions. Thus, it is one of the fundamental parts of Reynolds' doctrine that the artist should refer to the old masters, not simply because they are old, but because their works are the only standard we can refer to of "those general habits" of thought "which are everywhere and always the same". Only by their constant study can the painter acquire a "true criterion of judgment which will enable him to make 'the best choice among the endless and vicious variety of actual forms', and thus produce what is 'most natural to the mind and

imagination". Mr. Clausen, while adopting the modern opinion that the student should not attempt to avail himself of the habits of selection of his predecessors, counsels the study of the Old Masters with a reverence apparently equal to that of Reynolds. Yet if it be true, as Mr. Clausen says it is, that the student will find that "the powers of his predecessors are not at his command" and that those "who try to avail themselves of the selection of ages" assume a larger burden than they can carry, it is difficult to see why the student should bother about the works of the older men. It may be urged that Mr. Clausen's compliments to Reynolds are merely conventional expressions of respect for authority. We do not take this view. Mr. Clausen's admiration of Reynolds as a teacher is genuine enough; but he is too fond of reading his own ideas into Reynolds' words.

But if the permanent value of Mr. Clausen's work is likely to be affected by the absence of clear and systematic thought, it has other qualities which are sure to secure for it a wide and immediate welcome. He may have failed to understand Reynolds' thought, but he has caught a great deal of the charm of his manner of expression. Mr. Clausen's lectures have the same engaging air of candour, the same temperance of statement; they are fair-minded and stimulating. They have value as the confidential chats of a delightful and highly gifted painter to the beginners of his own profession. His remarks on quality in colour and the direct brushwork now so much in vogue are excellent. So also is the whole chapter on drawing, with its carefully elaborated distinction between drawing "from knowledge" and "unthinkingly copying the model". The illustrations are well chosen, and the reproductions of several beautiful drawings by Claude and Rembrandt add greatly to the value of the book. If Mr. Clausen brings us but a little way towards the solution of the problems which he raises, he has at least produced a modest and charming little book.

MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS.

"Advice on Fox-hunting." By Lord Willoughby De Broke. London: Bumpus. 1906. 5s. net.

THE deer-stalker may put his sport above all others (and he has some excuse), the shooting man claim that his is the best, the fisherman may rave over the delights and intricacies of his art, but nothing in the world of sport can touch the enchantment of holding a good place in a grass country in the run of the season. How very few, however, who ride to hounds know or even care to know the anxieties and worries which beset the Master of Hounds and his huntsman. The puppies just come in from walk have suffered badly from distemper and yellows and consequently the young entry is not as numerous or as forward as could be wished: one or two of the best cubbing covers have been let to a shooting syndicate, and a polite intimation from the manager reaches the Master that hounds must not draw until after the first shoot. More wire has been put up since last season, and an appeal to the new farmer for its removal has not been as successful as could have been wished. The hunt-horses are not quite up to the mark. These are only a few of the hundred and one vexations and difficulties which have to be faced and overcome. And yet, such is the fascination of the sport that there is hardly ever any difficulty in finding someone ready and willing to undertake the arduous duties inseparable from the post. Legislators of both Houses of Parliament, even the Speakers, have filled the honourable post and have vied with one another in trying to show sport. All honour to them. To a Master who hunts his own hounds a double pleasure is given. He watches with eager eye every hound in the making and marks with intense pleasure how the young entry is coming on, noting at the same time, but with different feelings, that old "Sportsman" has seen his best day, and that "Dairy-maid" is rapidly becoming a confirmed skirter. All this is "in the day's work", however, and hounds will not last for ever. In connexion with hunting it is an education and a delight to read a modest little book entitled

"Advice on Fox-unting" by the late Lord Willoughby De Broke, edited by his successor—one could only wish there was a good deal more of it. No one knew fox-hunting in its every aspect better than he and certainly no one has expressed himself with one half his clearness and conciseness. Whether he treats of master, huntsman, or whipper-in he has something fresh and interesting to say and he says it with a vigour and knowledge that are above all praise. There is not a dull page in the little volume and that it should be read, marked, learned and remembered by everyone who is interested in the sport of foxhunting goes without saying. The book is divided into three parts addressed respectively to masters, huntsmen and whippers-in, and it is characteristic of the writer that while he gives much excellent advice to masters of hounds he gives more to huntsmen and most of all to whippers-in. How severe he is, and most justly so, on the practice now so common of asking masters of hounds to perform the unsportsmanlike and often impossible task of stopping hounds when running their fox towards a game cover. Such a request—unknown to our forbears—is generally made by men who would be more in their place in an office in their native town than on the country estate they may have bought or rented, and was stigmatised the other day by one of the oldest and most distinguished sportsmen in England as one "which has only been made in recent times by recent men". Again, how right the author is in setting his face against the absurd practice of putting huntsmen up to make what they think is doubtless a clever and facetious speech. In these days, when looking on while other people do the work or play the game, and listening while others make speeches is the favourite pastime, speeches are expected from every one on every possible occasion, from a Prime Minister to a prizefighter. How right Lord Willoughby is in pointing out in what a ridiculous and false position an excellent servant and possibly good huntsman is placed when asked to make a speech.

The author lays it down "that hounds when running down a road hardly ever turn out of it exactly where the fox has gone—that they commonly do not go far enough". We think that this entirely depends upon what pace they are going. If fast they invariably go too far; if slowly and with difficulty, not far enough. A huntsman therefore must use his judgment and cast back if hounds have been running hard and forward if they have been picking out the line with difficulty. Lord Willoughby's advice to whippers-in is excellent and full of things not generally known or observed. When for instance he is dealing with what a whip should do when the huntsman is blowing his horn and there is an unjumpable fence between him and the pack. How often we have seen the whip, on the same side of the fence as the huntsman, rating and holloaing at the hounds and thus putting them still further from the huntsman and increasing his difficulties. What he should is to keep his mouth shut and let the hounds come to the horn. It will be long we fear ere a book as fascinating as this is written. Surely the author who knew so much must have left on record more of his knowledge which everyone who loves foxhunting would be only too delighted to read. If this be the case we can only hope that it will be given to the public. No greater praise can be given to the book than that it is written by a thorough sportsman and a gentleman who knew how to give his knowledge for the benefit of his fellow-men. To all those then who are going a-hunting with high hopes and big hearts, ready to take what comes in the way in fair weather or in foul, we say with confidence read this little book. It will we are sure well repay you if only that it will tell you more in its seventy-eight pages than most people can tell you in a lifetime.

NOVELS.

"Cain's Wife." By Bernard Cecil Blake. London: Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1906. 8s.

There is of course this advantage in choosing the period of Adam for a novel, that no one can gainsay the author's accuracy, or bring inconvenient historical

knowledge to bear on his facts and descriptions. For all we know "the daughters of men" may have swung themselves in hammocks, with one foot carelessly hanging over the side, and flirted with "the Beni Elohim" like any modern heroine. "Can a girl think?" Sllave asked, "of nothing else but a man?" "Rarely so" replied Cain, with a good-natured grin. Cain by the way is always grinning. This "legendary novel of love and hate" is very like the romance of a suburban courtship, the "chiefesses" Naamah and Sllave might be the daughters of a prosperous Wimbledon stockbroker, and Cain and Abel two worthy clerks, one of a Don Juanesque, and the other of a chilly disposition. Cain's grammar too is a little weak; he gets mixed between thee and thou, and on one occasion says "She do I desire as my wife." The court of Demas the Governor, one of the inferior race of men co-existent with Adam, is described as "lavish and luxurious, and within its gates were gathered all the epicureans, gourmands, and all such sycophants, including wits, singers, dancers and courtesans". "Cain's Wife" is a vulgar melodrama.

"The New Chronicles of Don Q." By K. and Hesketh Prichard. London: Unwin. 1906. 6s.

We do not much care for what may be called the Sherlock Holmes convention in fiction, but that estimable Spanish brigand Don Q. is good company for a short time. We can imagine that his captives while awaiting their ransom in his mountain fastness became rather bored. The ruthless and inexorable robber-chief seems to have become slightly sentimental in his old age, but he is still a marvel of adroitness and activity. The most amusing episodes in the present volume occur when the captive is of Anglo-Saxon race: the authors understand exactly how fussy self-important Englishmen or Americans would behave if kidnapped in the twentieth century. We like best the scene in which a cricketer is set to bat in front of an open powder-keg, with a lighted taper for bails, while Don Q.'s brigands hurl the ball (no penalty being given for a throw). Mr. Hesketh Prichard's sympathies on this occasion are with the batsman.

"Closed Doors." By the Author of "A London Girl." London: Rivers. 1906. 3s. 6d.

"Closed Doors" one of a series of "Tales from the Great City" is a very ordinary story which hardly carries out the promise of truthful revelation contained in the portentous foreword—that the domesticity of West Kensington is not always legalised and respectable, and that S. John's Wood has not the monopoly of "sub rosa" establishments, are facts which hardly demand especial disclosure. While we do not dispute the accuracy of the author's knowledge of West Kensington irregularities, we should very much like to know where he gets his ridiculous ideas of conventual life.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Cobbett's Advice to Young Men." "Cobbett's English Grammar." London: Frowde. 1906. 2s. 6d. each.

In the search high and low for books out of copyright to reprint as classics, it is surprising that Cobbett should not ere now have been brought out in various popular series. There

(Continued on page 88.)

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is no doubt about the reviving interest that is being taken in his books. The "Rural Rides" has perhaps never been quite out of fashion—though it is not known nearly as much as it merits—but the rest of his works have been till lately scarcely to be bought save in the old editions. Cobbett has ceased to be a politician in the narrower sense, and to-day he has quite as many admirers, we should say, among Conservatives as among Radicals. The Grammar is introduced by Judge Stephen, and is printed and bound in a style which reminds one of an anthology rather than a book of severe instruction. "Advice to Young Men" is produced in a similar form. It is printed from the edition of 1829. Now and again even Cobbett may verge on pedantry in correcting the English of others, but his Grammar is very good to read. It lives; and there is a kind of stark logic about it, and a burly confidence which attracts one in almost all Cobbett's books. "Advice to Young Men and (incidentally) to Young Women" is capital reading too. On gluttony Cobbett comes down like a sledge-hammer—indeed on what that he disagreed with did he not come down like a sledge-hammer? He was especially a hater of dainties; they were almost as bad in his eyes as pine trees or bank-notes. Once, shut up in Newgate because he had inveighed against flogging, he ate, he tells us, "during one year one mutton chop every day". Another time he lived for weeks on nothing but legs of mutton, mutton hot, mutton cold, mutton tough and old. To this scorn of the kickshaws Cobbett attributed his toughness and endurance.

"Sight and Hearing in Childhood." By R. Brudenell Carter and Arthur H. Cheate. London: The Scientific Press. 1906. 2s. net.

Although it is a commonplace of sympathy to deplore the sad fate of the totally blind and, to a less degree, of the totally deaf, little allowance is usually made for the handicap imposed by moderate defects in these senses, especially when, as is often the case, they go for years undetected. The short-sighted lad is exceedingly liable to be written down a dullard for no other reason than that he cannot read what is written on a blackboard and cannot in consequence assimilate the knowledge laid before him with the rapidity of his more fortunate colleagues, and, since he never enjoyed normal vision, he is unable to explain his failure either to himself or his guardians. He thus slips insensibly into an isolation often credited to a moroseness which has no real existence except in so far as it is born of his affliction. To such a lad the gift of spectacles properly adjusted to his error of refraction opens a new world, and it is a gift of such easy acquisition and of such unsurpassed usefulness that the neglect to supply it in time amounts almost to a criminal disregard of duty. It is the same with the sense of hearing. But whilst many children are born with faulty eyes, few are born without a sound auditory mechanism. In the vast majority of instances the deafness of childhood is an acquired defect, and one as easy of prevention as it is difficult of cure. It is generally caused by an obstruction of the posterior nasal passages by abnormal growths of a tissue allied to that of the tonsils. These growths technically known as adenoid vegetations, not only produce a deafness of varying severity and predispose to serious affections of the lung, but induce a habit of breathing with the mouth open, which gives the face a vacant and fatuous cast. Every parent should keep a watchful eye upon the visual and auditory equipment of his child, and this book will enable him to do so intelligently.

"A Register of the Members of S. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford." New Series. Vol. V. By William Dunn Macray. London: Frowde. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

The chief interest in this volume lies in the extracts which refer to Dr. Martin Routh, "the venerable", whose name is closely connected with all Oxford ecclesiastical memories of the first half of the nineteenth century. He was "one of the most learned and eminent persons in England, and as remarkable for his qualities as for his vast attainments". Everyone of note who visited Oxford during Routh's later years paid his respects to the President. Many writers have extolled his virtues, some have expressed extravagant laudation, almost all style him "venerable". Newman, "the clever young gentleman of Oriel" had immense respect for him, yet Newman's criticism of him is very sharp. Routh possessed an absolute veto in regard to College affairs, and carried his objection to innovations so far as to slight colonial bishops, and pretend to an ignorance of railways. Under his rule discipline suffered, and the college deteriorated from a lack of new blood. Power abnormally prolonged is seldom beneficial in any constitution, especially in an Oxford college. On the other hand the benefit of an infusion of new ideas, brought about by the Visitor who in 1732 threw open certain unclaimed Fellowships, is proved; for where the elections were wisely conducted, the discontinuance of the old practice was sufficiently justified by the inclusion of such men as Henry Phillpotts. Charitable gifts on the part of the College have been sadly curtailed, not so much by agricultural depression as by the rigid restriction of expenses exercised by law. The extracts in the volume have been carefully com-

pared, and we are fain to believe that the College continues its good work; that as a whole it is not sectarian; that it keeps a grasp of the tendency of education; that it sheds a firm and benign influence on present, and keeps in touch with past, alumni; that it is never a sycophant to the rich, nor a Pharisee to the poor. In doing this, it worthily fulfils the primary object of its great Founder—ad sustentationem et exaltationem fidei christianæ.

"Maids of Honour." By A. J. Armitage. London: Blackwood. 1906. 10s. 6d.

This is a sort of humorous or punning title for a series of sketches of single women who have distinguished themselves. It sounds rather like bookmaking, but the author has not merely got up his matter for the purpose. It is clear that he has spent a good deal of time in studying the lives and works of his subjects. He shows catholicity in his selection, Hannah More, Mary Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, and Mary Lamb being on his list. As for Mary Lamb we need not go beyond Charles Lamb's letters: everything we need know of her is there, expressed with an almost matchless beauty and tenderness of language. The portrait of Mary Lamb is reproduced from the oil painting by Hazlitt now in the possession of Mr. Elkin Matthew, a curious, very striking work. It is far the most interesting illustration in the volume.

After a time Pot-pourri loses its fragrance, and perhaps Mrs. Earle was wise in not trying us with a fourth. Her new volume, however, is more or less of the same genre. "Letters to Young and Old" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.), consists of her correspondence chiefly with a favourite niece, interspersed with extracts from English poets and prose writers. The letters relate to gardening, health and food and tours on the Continent. Cooking receipts are also exhibited. The letters are chatty and natural enough.—"English Costume", by Dion Clayton Calthrop (Black, 7s. 6d.), is a picture-book with accompanying letterpress. It contains drawings in line as well as in colour and deals with dress of men and women in the Tudor and Stuart periods. Here and there it has some entertaining sketches of character as well as descriptions of dress, notably one on Henry VII., who is represented as a strong and even great man. Henry VIII. is a "fleshy beast". The author's history is his own, and whether we agree with it or not, we may admit that it is sometimes stimulating.

For this Week's Books see page 90.

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(Continued on page 92.)

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